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AUTUMN LEAVES

OLYETTE FODIS



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Autumn Leaves

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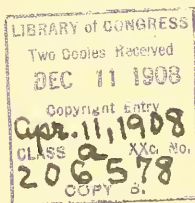
OLYETTE ELLIS

ILLUSTRATED



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MRS. OLYETTE ELLIS

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TO MY MOTHER
IN HEAVEN
THIS LITTLE BOOK
IS LOVINGLY
DEDICATED

PREFACE.

Many of these leaves of simple verse have been drifting about in literary by-ways nearly half a century, and now, as the winter of my life approaches, I have gathered them up as a little handful of "Autumn Leaves," believing that the loved and loving friends, for whose sake, chiefly, they have been collected, will look with kindly eyes upon the frost-touched things, while they considerately ignore their many blights and imperfections.

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AUTUMN LEAVES



A MEMORY.

Of all the haunting memories
From out the buried years,
One comes to me on summer eves,
To fill my eyes with tears.

The sweet, sweet memory of a house,
Low browed, and white as snow,
Where climbing roses almost reached
The chamber windows low;
A small yard shut it from the road
With trim-kept beds of flowers;
There were mountain ash, whose rubies glowed,
And shady woodbine bowers;

Old-fashioned pansies nodded bright,
A welcome at the gate;
Bluebells and stately lilies bowed
Each side the pathway straight;
A plum tree grew behind the house,
Where a robin built her nest,
And trilled her plaintive monody
When the sun sank in the west.

A brooklet near, in a stony bed,
 Went babbling merrily;
A shrill-voiced cricket, in the wall,
 At eve, chirped cheerily.
Then a welcome bath my mother gave
 To rest my weary limbs,
And gently rocked me in her arms
 Singing sweet evening hymns.

Again I see the clean soft bed,
 Where, kneeling by my side,
She told, in simple language, how
 Our Saviour loved and died;
She did not make His kingdom seem
 So strange and far away
As many do, who stand and preach
 In pulpits, grand, to-day.

She heard the childish prayer, and then
 With kiss and fond "good night"
Went down and left the door a-jar,
 That I might see the light.
O, tender, thoughtful mother-love,
 That would not, careless, doom
Her little one, before it slept,
 To a dungeon's cheerless gloom.

Then bass of frogs from the mill-pond near,
 And the cricket's tenor shrill,
Blent with the hoot of the distant owl
 From the top of the pine-crowned hill;
And the noisy brook, and a tinkling bell,
 And the stir of mother's feet,
All, soothed and lulled, unconsciously,
 To slumber deep and sweet.

Now, when I seek my restless couch,
 Oppressed with nameless fright,
None pray, and leave a door a-jar
 To give my spirit light.
And so, in hush of summer eves,
 My eyes o'erflow with tears
When this haunting memory comes to me
 From out the buried years.

CHEERFULNESS.

Not less we love the simple note
That thrills the russet robin's throat,
Than if he soared, with golden wing,
High in the azure sky to sing.

He waits not for the summer shower
To make the woods a leafy bower;
But comes when orchard boughs are bare,
Presaging flowers and fruitage fair.

And thus should every human heart,
Tho' humble, ever do its part
To cheer the downcast and to say
Bright flowers and fruit will come, some day.

WORRY.

We had worried all the year—
Thought the crops would surely fail
Unless God should send us rain—
Unless God kept back the hail.
Worried ere 'twas planting time;
Thought the Spring was cold and late;
Feared the very elements
Would combine to spoil our fate.

Thought of locusts, chinch-bugs, flies,
Rust and mildew for the grain;
On our brows a worried scowl
Came, and would not leave again.
Thus we worried all the year,
Till our granaries overflowed,
And the corn peeped from the cribs
Bright, and clean, and many-rowed.

Then, at glad Thanksgiving time,
How we smiled, and praised ourselves;
That by patient toil and faith,
Good things heaped our pantry shelves,
One who heard us talk would think
We had never doubted God;
Were he not all-merciful
He would make us feel his rod.

SOLDIERS, O TELL US THE STORY.

Soldiers, O tell us the story, of the scenes, that you passed through,
In days of the great Rebellion when you proudly wore the blue.
Repeat it over and over, for we must never forget
That time of our Country's peril, when the ground with blood
was wet.

Tell how you sprang to the rescue, so swift, when you heard her
call,
And swore, with your arms uplifted, no star from her flag should
fall.

And how the sound of the bugle was sweet as a mother's song,
And nerved you to deeds of daring, as you bravely marched along.

And tell of the weary marches, in snow or in scorching heat,
Thro' swamps, or over the mountains, with frozen or blistered feet.
Tell us again of the camp-life, with all its hardships and care,
How you longed for good home rations instead of a soldier's fare.

And tell us again, with laughter, of the struggles, fierce and hard,
With chickens, and pigs, and turkeys, that encountered the fore-
most guard;

Repeat how the dear home letters were read again and again,
By flaring light of the camp fire, or perhaps in prison pen.

And tell how the sabres rattled, and the horses stamped and
neighed;

In the night when "Boots and saddles!" was the call the bugle
made:

How you sprang, full armed, to the stirrup and rode, thro' the
chill night air,

To meet the foe that was waiting, like a tiger in his lair.

Tell over the wild adventures of picket, or daring scout;
And the awful scenes of carnage, ere the foe was put to rout.
And tell of the brilliant charges you made, against brist'ling steel;
How the wall of men was shattered—was made to tumble and reel.

And tell of the loathsome prisons, of Libby and Anderson,
Tho' our hearts turn faint with horror, at the mention of deeds
there done.

And tell of those brave young comrades, while we listen, with
bated breath,

Who never would yield to any, till they met the victor, Death.

Tell, too, how forts were taken, the final victory won;
How Lee surrendered his forces, and the cruel war was done,
Tell all this and more, O soldiers, that none may ever forget
That time of our country's peril, when our cheeks with tears
were wet.

Repeat it to little children, with their faces bright as a star,
Who, born since the great Rebellion, have only heard of the
war,—

For your ranks are growing thinner and soon there will not be one,
Who bore a part in the conflict, to tell of the deeds that were done.

And tell them the flag of our country, that floats over land and sea,
Was saved by the blood of martyrs, and must e'er wave proud
and free;

That to them you will leave the banner, as a grand and sacred
trust,

Which they must guard with their life-blood while you are turn-
ing to dust.

WRITE THEM A LETTER TONIGHT.

Don't go to theatre, lecture, or ball,
But stay in your room to-night;
Deny yourself to the friends that call,
And a good, long letter write—
Write to the sad, old folks at home,
Who sit when the day is done,
With folded hands and downcast eyes,
And think of the absent one.

Don't selfishly scribble: "Excuse my haste,
I've scarcely the time to write,"
Lest their brooding thoughts go wand'ring back,
To many a by-gone night
When they lost their needed sleep and rest,
And every breath was a prayer,
That God would leave their delicate babe
To their tender love and care.

Don't let them feel that you've no more need
Of their love and counsel, wise;
For the heart grows strangely sensitive
When age has dimmed the eyes.
It might be well to let them believe
You never forget them, quite;
That you deem it pleasure, when far away,
Long letters, home, to write.

Don't think that the young and giddy friends,
Who make your pastime gay,
Have half the anxious thoughts for you
That the old folks have, today.
The duty of writing do not put off,
Let sleep, or pleasure wait;—
Lest the letter, for which they looked and longed,
Be a day, or an hour too late.

For the sad, old folks at home,
With locks fast turning white,
Are longing to hear of the absent one—
Write them a letter tonight.

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

O, grandest Ship that ever sailed Life's sea,
All other vessels dipped their flags to thee,
And honored thy pure banner, high unfurled,
As 'twere the ensign of the Better World.
Thou, stately ship, didst touch at every port
And lay thy plea before each nation's court,
Thy followers, the brave white-ribbon band,
Are pledged for "God and Home and Ev'ry Land."

To-day, we nerveless hover in the bay,
Gazing where thou in grandeur sailed away,
Full rigged, and from our sight went, stately, down,
Where sea and sky seem blended into one;
Knowing that nevermore thy mast shall climb
Up the horizon, tho' we watch thro' time,
For in a harbor fair, securely strong,
Thou'rt anchored now, 'mid greetings, and glad song.

Send back a bugle call, the fleet to guide,
That scarce, without it, can the mad waves ride;
Send back sure signals we may understand,
To guide and cheer thy own white-ribbon band;
On lofty cliff set thy bright beacon light,
That wrong may fall before unswerving Right;
Let not the fleet lose its aggressive zest,
Tho' its flag-ship in Heaven's harbor rest.

The greatest port of all thou'st entered in,
Bearing thy banner, free from stain of sin,
Where, interceding, with thy queenly love,
Thou wilt the courts of Heaven to action move;
And weapons never known in wars before,
Shall aid thy noble cause, till strife is o'er;
And base Intemperance shall fall, in shame,
Before the allies marshalled in thy name.

TO DE FOREST.

(When the question of licensing saloons was to be voted upon.)

Fair De Forest, thou art standing like a young and lovely bride,
Wrapped in thy robe of purity, with ways in life untried;
The wooded hills are girding thee, rich fields smile in thy face;
Thou beamest softly back on them, in innocence and grace.
The pearls of honor bind thy brow, and villages around
Bow down in homage unto thee, as to a queen that's crowned;
They say "Behold her purity, her graciousness, her pride;
No wrong, no shame, no guiltiness can in her realm abide."

"Her subjects live by industry—true women and true men—
They spurn the bribe saloons would give, and scorn such demon's
den.

Saying, we'll keep our village pure, we'll shield her honored name;
We'll give to her no place of vice, to dye her brow with shame."
Stand firm, De Forest, keep thyself spotless and undefiled;
Guard, thou, the man of feeble will; protect each mother's child.
Be like a city on a hill, so all may see thy light;
And hold thy banner proudly high for GOD and HOME and RIGHT.

ALL DAY.

When I opened my eyes at early dawn
There came, like a flash of light,
Your dear face smiling out of the gloom—
A vision, welcome and bright;
And thus thro' the changeable web of life
I have woven, grave or gay,
Like a shining thread of gleaming gold
You have been in my thoughts all day.

When others were speaking I heard your voice,
And saw on their lips your smile,
And answered their words in gentle tone,
Thinking only of you the while.
It seemed to me you were by my side,
Altho' you are far away,
I bless the hours that have been so bright,
For you've been in my thoughts all day.

Can it be your soul has broken its chain
And, knowing how I would grieve,
Has come and tarried a day with me
Ere taking of Earth its leave?
Ah, no! I banish a thought so sad,
And hope, wherever you stray,
I have been with you in all your dreams
As you've been in my thoughts all day.

All the whole day long—yes, the whole day long—
Thro' moods both grave and gay,
Like the sweet refrain of some glad old song,
You have been in my thoughts all day.

PRAYER FOR PEACE.

O, God of mercy, hold we pray,
The red-mouthed dogs of war at bay;
They sniff for blood and battle wrecks—
Slip not the leash from off their necks.
Fair-faced, in peace our country stands,
Industry's web stretched in her hands,
Sending Thy missions east and west,
And north and south at Thy behest.

Proudly she stands and will not brook
A wrong, nor an insulting look;
Like Roman matron, grandly pure,
She guards her honor, quick and sure.
Let her not rashly loose the pack
Of war hounds struggling for attack—
For war is horrible at best,
And leaves its scars on victory's breast.

Have we forgotten those dread days
When skies were lurid with war's blaze?
Have we forgotten loved ones slain
On the ensanguined battle plain?
Have we forgot the orphan's cries—
The war-made widow's tearful eyes—
Mothers whose hair turned sudden gray
For sons cut down in battle fray?

Have we forgot the awful strain
That came to home-kept heart and brain;
How blood in veins well nigh congealed
While waiting news from battle field?
The broken homes, unmended yet,
By peace and time can we forget?
Never! Burned into heart and brain,
Those mem'ries ever more remain.

Let not those scenes repeated be—
Let carnage hold no revelry;
Let the white angel Peace expand
Her wings o'er this and ev'ry land—
Let nations not unsheath the sword—
Guide us in ways of peace, O, Lord!
Let Thy blest message, once again,
Be "Peace on earth, good will to men."

April 14, 1898.

HER ABSENT BOY.

Somewhere, there's an aching heart to-day,
Somewhere there's a tear-wet cheek,
And faded lips that tremble so
Your name they can scarcely speak.
A mother mourns for her absent boy,
And longs for a written word—
Her locks turn gray, and her heart is sick
With the hope so long deferred.

O, send the message she longs to get,
And say you will sometime come;
'Twill dry the cheek, that with tears, is wet
And brighten the gloomy home.

All the dreary day she thinks of you,
And at night on restless bed,
She asks this question again and again
"Is he living, or is he dead?"
Fearing and doubting, while night winds moan,
She prays for a word from you:—
Ah! you'll never find in all your life,
Another fond heart so true.

She thinks of days when you came to her
 With each childish joy and grief:
And wonders to whom you go, to-day,
 For solace and kind relief.
She watches the way she thinks you'll come,
 And starts at each step near the door—
'Tis not her boy—her heart sinks down—
 O, lighten her heart once more.

Some day her eyes will not watch for you,
 Nor her lips your name repeat:
And tho' footsteps come, and footsteps go,
 Her heart will not faster beat—
She will not wake, from a troubled sleep,
 To pray for a word from you.—
Write her the letter ere that time comes.—
 'Tis a little thing to do.

Send her the message she longs to get,
And say you will sometime come;
'Twill dry the cheek that with tears is wet
And brighten the gloomy home.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

O, after-glow of summertime, how bright thy colors gleam
From cottage windows on the street, making a summer dream.
We see no more the garden beds blackened with frost and blight;
But gaze thro' polished window panes, at blossoms red, and white,
Or purple as a pausy's cloak, or bright as sunset's gold,
Or pink as maiden's blushing cheek, when lover's words grow
 bold.

Thou hast the power to summon back the scenes of long ago:
As after-glow of sunset's light can flush a field of snow.

CHRISTMAS IS NEAR.

Christmas is coming again; coming with all its cheer—
'Tis only a week away—Christmas will soon be here!
Evergreens standing in sight proclaim old Christmas cheer;
Windows with toys are bright—Christmas is near,—is near!

You are wondering what to buy, to give your little one joy;
It is tired of picture books, and every wonderful toy;
And the gayest of little suits would scarcely be a treat,
So oft it is clad anew, from its head to dainty feet.
Fill its sock till it overflows, add all you can to its joy;
God, only, knows what the future holds for your cherished
girl or boy.

But alas! alas! for the poor, who have no stockings at all—
Only a ragged “make believe” to hang on the cold bare wall.

Have you not some garment laid by, where moths a revel will
keep?

Which would warm a shivering child? O, give it before you
sleep—

And perhaps your well-filled purse a trifling sum might spare
To buy what would seem to him a princely Christmas fare.

O, remember why we keep the Christmas holiday—

The birthday of a child as poor, as any on earth today.

Forget not this—and then, may Christ, the Saviour hear

Of your charities in His name, swelling the Christmas cheer.

MIRANDA'S QUILTING BEE.

We come, we come, a merry group
Of friends and neighbors, fond and true;
With warm good wishes in our hearts,
To take a timely stitch for you.
And when the joyful day is past
With all its jests, and quips, and fun,
We envy not your hands the task
Of taking out the work we've done;
With stitches long, in crooked lines,
We know how hard a job 'twill be;
Therefore, as partial recompense,
We each have brought a little fee,
Which please accept, tho' small it is,
As token of our friendship true,
While each of us can surely boast
A greater gift, O friend from you.

The blest example you have given
Is cherished in each weary heart.
It nerves us in our gloomy hours,
And bids us act a nobler part.
And since you'll leave us soon, sweet friend,
We're glad we have this gift to keep:—
The memory of your patient life,
In pathways rough, and dark, and steep.

We each commend you unto Him,
The widow's and the orphan's friend,
And pray that you and your's He'll guard,
And unto each, rich blessings send.

Oct. 24. 1886.

THE PENITENT.

Kneeling, am I, while the shadows are falling,
 Touching my hair with the silvery gray;
Hearest thou, Father, thy wayward son calling?—
 Long have I wandered in devious way.—
Brightly hope's sunbeams illumined my boyhood,
 Gilding the dreams on ambition's high crest;
Dreams that were beautiful, lofty and holy—
 Burned to white ashes, today, in my breast.

Lured on by tempters, I carelessly followed;
 Knowing my footsteps were veering toward hell;
Fiend-like, they joyed in the unequal contest—
 Little by little, I faltered and fell.
Merciful Saviour, thou knowest my errors,
 Blessed Redeemer, thou, only, canst know
The struggles, defeats and passionate yearnings—
 Pity the prodigal's heart-rending woe.

Hast thou a place reserved for the penitent
 Where one may find the lost dreams of his youth;
Where, with the mem'ry of struggles and failures,
 One may regain all life's beauty and truth?
Give back once more in that realm for the penitent
 A chance to regain opportunities lost.—
Closely I'll follow the Guide thou hast given
 Who came to save sinners, at O, what a cost!

Tho' sweetest of wiles and temptations surround me,
 With eyes fixed on Thee I will walk in thy way.—
Forgive and forget the dark past where I stumbled,—
 Give one more trial, O Father, I pray!
Thou, who hast known all my sinning and sorrow,
 Thou, who hast noted my penance and pain,
Pity and pardon me—O, Father, pardon me!
 Give back the lost chance of youth-time again.

RETROSPECTION.

Pent in the city, year after year,
I am tired and sick of its din and strife;
And I long once more for country cheer,
With the quiet joys of the old farm life;
And I clasp my hands behind my head,
While I lean far back in my office chair,
And close my lids over tears, unshed;
Forgetting the present with all its care.

Far from the city my fancy flies,
To a quaint old farmhouse, seeming asleep,
So placid the landscape 'round it lies,
With its lazy cattle and grazing sheep;
And the fragrance sweet of the locust trees
Steals over my senses, and I can hear
The droning hum of the bumble bees,
And the meadow lark singing, loud and clear.

I cross the brook, whose babbling voice
Was music to me in the years gone by;
It seems to say, "O, drink and rejoice!
I will never becloud your brain nor eye."
On the vine-wreathed porch, I doff my hat
And lightly step thro' the open door;
The house cat sleeps on the braided mat
Where sunshine brightens the painted floor.

I'm a hearty, hungry boy once more,
And mother with footstep light and spry
Hurries to bring from her ample store,
A quarter section of pumpkin pie.
Then I haste away the cows to bring,
And call "Co' boss" as I lower the bars;
They wend along to the bell's "klang-kling"
Down pathways bordered by cowslip stars.

The chores are done, and night comes down
As we kneel together for evening prayers;
The sweetest sleep I have ever known,
Comes in the room at the head of the stairs.
Unbroken my sleep till father calls,
In the stairway door, "It is time to rise";
And cheerily says, "Good luck befalls
The early bird that is seeking a prize."

No feast Delmonico ever spread
Was as good as our simple morning fare,
With golden butter and sweet brown bread,
And mother presiding with gracious air.
Then off to work, while the sun's first rays
Make diamonds of all the drops of dew;
And our hearts soar up to God, in praise,
As the city dwellers may never do.

No drones are found in the farmer's hive,
Even children to little tasks must bow;
Their Bible teaches them they can thrive
Only by honest sweat of the brow.
Men work with a will, in rain or sun,
Believing that he who sows shall reap;
This creed from fathers is handed down—
The day is for work, and the night for sleep.

But days of pleasure are sandwiched in,
Never grand receptions, for pride's display,
But simple pleasure, unmarred by sin,—
A picnic, perhaps, on some holiday.
A country picnic! Ah, gala time!
When maidens in gowns, blue, pink or white,
Around the rustic tables entwine
Like a garland of morning glories bright.

Or a singing school, or a spelling match
At the school house more than a mile away!
Each shy youth stands by the door to watch
For the girl, that to him, is as fair as day.
They say sweet things 'neath the moon so bright,
And their cheeks grow red in the crisp night air;
The snow creaks under their footsteps light,
As homeward wends each loitering pair.

But the sweetest of all the sweet young girls,
Was the lovely daughter of Deacon Fay,
With her shining wealth of golden curls,
And her beautiful eyes, so calm and gray;
Death kissed her forehead one star-lit night,
And sorrowing neighbors made her grave
In the church yard, under the clover white,
Where robins chant and wild flowers wave.

When I close my eyes and dream like this,
That I live again in the dear, dead past,
I think it would give my tired heart bliss
To know I should sleep in that yard at last.
There where my father and mother rest,
And the pure girl friend of my better days:—
May the sod be smoothed above my breast,
By the country people, with rustic ways.



AN OLD MAN'S LAMENT.

(For a favorite horse, aged thirty-two years.)

Jinny, old servant, faithful friend, good-bye!
Your aged master looks, with saddened eye,
Upon your grave and counts your virtues o'er—
Virtues well proved in years more than a score.
Affection ever beamed in your mild eyes;
And in your low, soft, whinnying replies
Was gratitude for food, and care, and stall,
Tho' yours by right, for well you earned them all.

I gladly spread your bed of fragrant hay,
Nor grudged the ample food I gave each day;—
Tho' usefulness, long since, you had outgrown,
Thank God, your death-blow came from age, alone.
Many long years your steady, willing feet
Moved as I bade, in motion slow or fleet.
When harvest time upon us hurrying prest
You seemed to know—and always did your best.

'Twas yours to bear the little folks to school—
And yours, when full-grown lads obeyed Love's rule,
To gaily carry them to seek the prize,
And keep the secrets read by your brown eyes.
When sickness came, and laid our pleasures waste,
And doctors must be summoned in quick haste,
Whose feet like yours, e'er could the errand do
And bear a messenger, so swift and true?

Gentle and patient in the great world's strife,—
You did another's will thro' all your life;
How can I give to you sufficient praise
For all the merits of your lengthened days?
We had grown old together, faithful pet,
And Jinny, 'tis with heartfelt, deep regret
I smooth the earth o'er your last resting place,
And wipe a tear from off my wrinkled face.

MORNING, NOON AND NIGHT.

The infant Morning waking, slipped off her mother's knee
And leaped to the eastern hill-top clapping her hands in glee;
Laughing back at her mother, whose face was all aglow
With smiles at the pranks of baby, pelting the vales, below,
With dewy buds and blossoms; gilding the tops of trees;
Sifting o'er fields of clover myriads of humming bees.

Soon dropping the ways of childhood, she changed to a maiden
sweet,
And the Sun, a royal lover, laid his heart at her pure young feet;
With rosy blushes glowing, she pledged her dainty hand:
And the king sent all his sunbeams to herald it thro' the land,
That "Wherever his name be utter'd, wherever his will be done,
Henceforth her name be mentioned, as Noon, the queen of the Sun."

No fabled princely wedding could be compared to this,
When their hands were joined at mid-day and the bride received
her kiss;
Thro'out the land of Sunshine, where labor bringeth bread,
In every cot and palace the wedding feast was spread;
But ere the feast was ended, Noon saw, with awe-hushed breath
On the bridegroom's brow a pallor, and knew 'twas the shade of
death.

Noting her sudden tremor, he read the cause aright,
And said "My widowed darling must soon be known as Night."
With strength that came of anguish, he clasped her to his breast,
Fain, fain to bear her with him down the dim unfathomed west;
With look of holy fondness, with blessing and with prayer,
His dying kiss, like a halo, fell soft on her dusky hair.

He said, "I place, as a signet, this star on thy brow, my bride;
By this I shall know and love thee when we meet on the 'other side.'
Farewell my own—my darling! We soon shall meet again:—
Be this the bow of promise to gild thy cloud of pain."
Then his hands dropped cold and helpless—the gate of the west
swung wide
And a golden glow of glory broke thro' from the "other side."

He passed; the gate closed grimly, ending the light of day,
And with tears bedewing the grasses, Night walked her lonely way;
Just then, thro' growing darkness, a bird dropped from the sky,
As tho' stricken by an arrow, and its strange, unearthly cry
Seemed a bitter wail of anguish,—a weird and thrilling note—
As if Night's pent-up sorrow had found a voice in its throat.

Then folding her sable mantle more closely about her breast;
With face still turned to that sunset grave, her footsteps onward
 prest;
On, on with the moon above her, and feet in the pitiless dew,
Till she touched the cold dark portal that opened to let her through;
And souls that were tuned aright, doomed still this side to wait,
Thrilled as the "new song" echoed out, when Night passed thro'
 the gate.

TO EDWIN H.

(On his twenty-first birthday.)

Child of my widowed, much respected friend,
Accept kind wishes, with the flowers I send;—
I've watched thy course from babyhood till now,
And seen a manly purpose light thy brow.

Thou, with youth's blithesome heart, may scarcely know
How thy fond mother hid her grief and woe
Behind a smile, patient and calm and sweet,
That thou might have home's sunshine round thy feet.

Thou art her eldest son; O, be to her,
As age creeps on, her help and comforter.
And may God's blessing rest on thee, my friend,
Standing today where youth and manhood blend.



DECEMBER TWENTY-SECOND.

(Verses read at a New England Supper, the proceeds of which were to be used in building a sidewalk from the village to the church.

When December winds are drifting the snow about our door,
We think of the band of pilgrims, on bleak New England's shore;
How they bared their brows to the tempest and prayed to the
God above

To guard and guide and keep them, in his mercy, truth and love.
The first temple that they prayed in was white with drifted snow,
The roof was high as heaven—Plymouth Rock its portico.
But God was in the tempest that swept o'er the little flock,
He heard the thanks and pleadings that arose from Plymouth Rock.

Ah, those were days of heroes! There were men with grizzled
hair,
True wives, with tender infants; there were youths and maidens
fair.

They had no pride (to speak of) and they didn't care meanwhile
If their coats were quite old-fashioned, or their bonnets out of
style.

Hunger, and cold, and sickness, and a skulking savage foe
Were the enemies that faced them in those years, so long ago;
In the forest, beasts were prowling, whose fearful shrieks at night
Caused men to grasp their rifles and babes to cower in fright.

But times have changed,—now maidens may crimp or curl their
hair

Nor fear that ere the sunset, 'twill be in an Indian's care.
And they dare be quite bewitching (as all young men can see)
Without a fear of torture, or of hanging on a tree;
And a woman now may be a scold, nor fear the gag and chains,
But of course she'll not attempt it, in days when freedom reigns.
And a man may be a Quaker—or worse than that today—
Nor live in fear, expecting to be hanged, or driven away.

And we today can go to church, on sidewalks dry and neat,
Undrabbled our earthly dresses, unsoiled our well-shod feet.—
If into their lives crept errors, 'twas through their Godly zeal,
They wrought in their best knowledge, for their country's fu-
ture weal

And New England has a glory, that ne'er grows dim, with time,
All children know the story, as 'tis told in prose and rhyme.
And we bless the sacred mem'ry of the zealous little flock
That planted freedom's standard in the snow on Plymouth Rock.

HOW MR. TIGHT-FIST HELPED BUILD THE SIDEWALK.

Some folks aint never satisfied with things jest as they be.
They wanter keep improvin' um, an' shiftin round, ye see.
They're most ez bad as arnakists, leastways they're malcontents;—
They wanter keep a fixin up, regardless uv expense.

Naow thet's the way et wuz rite here. We'd a sidewalk good
enuff,—
We'd only used it twenty year, 'twas made of fust-rate stuff.
'Twas plenty good enuff, I say; 'twould a lasted ten year more
With kinder keerful usage, sich ez it hed afore.
But them there discontented birds, kep' singin frum their
perch,
“We must hev a new sidewalk frum th' station to th' church.”
They said, “Folks stays away frum church, becuz mud spiles their
shuze!”
I said, “Fer sich a leetle cause, the Lord won't them excuse.”

They said some boards wuz broke in tew, an' some wuz gone
ontright,
It wuzn't safe tew travel on, especially at night.—
Wall, spozen boards wuz broke in tew, er gone,—now couldn't we
Jist step acrost thet leetle space, ez ezy as could be?
An' ef folks must go prowlin' round in th' middle of th' night,
Let em keep th' middle of th' road an' then they'd be all right.
They said folks got their feet caught fast which throw'd 'em off
their pegs—
An' ridin' hoss back on thet walk mought break a hosses legs.

A man who rides his hosses there, jest ort to pay thet price.
Which same remark I've made afore, an' meant it, onct or twice!—
An' so we argied, pro and con, till some got mad, ye see,
An' said I needn't fret myself, they'd manage without me.
At last they fetched it to a vote, an' I wuz there—an' so
Their ballots all read y-e-s, but mine read k-n-o!
Uv course they beat me, an' thet's why we're gathered here
tonight,
A wastin' fire and kerosene, which sartinly aint right.

They made this great New England spread,—'twant done
without expense,
But a man kin eat a dollar's wuth by payin' fifteen cents.
Jest think of all the hungry poor, these vittles might a fed,
An' we could kep' our fifteen cents an' been tew hum in bed.
Wall, ef folks won't economize—no matter what I say—
I vum! I'll eat tew dollars' wuth, afore I go away!
Ye needn't skimp when sarvin' me, jest heap my plate up high!
I'll take the bill of fare clean thru, an' begin 'ith chicken pie.

LAUGH, AN' FERGIT IT ALL.

What if the world hez cuffed ye 'round,
An' kicked ye like a ball,
An' jos'led ye, an' hus'led ye,
An' driv ye to the wall?
Wy, thet's the best thing's happened yit—
Don't set down here a whinin'—
The very blackest cloud hez got
Th' brightes' silver linin'.

Jes keep braced up agin the wall,
An' then no cunnin' foe
Ken sneak aroun' behin' yer back,
An' strike a killin' blow.
Jes' face th' foe thet faces you;
An' when he sees sich gall,
He'll slink away, an' then ye may
Laugh, an' fergit it all.

DECORATION DAY.

Take all the flowers of Springtime
And heap them over the sod,
Where sleep the valiant heroes,
Who went in their youth to God.
Heap violets and lilies,
And buttercups bright as gold,
Wet with tears of affection,
And gratitude manifold.

But, of the million blossoms
You loyally fling today,
Over the graves of heroes,
Who wore the blue or the gray,
Grudge not this one white lily,
Now fading upon the breast
That holds it's hero sacred,
Unknowing his place of rest.

He rushed foremost to the conflict,
Yet after the charge was done,
He, with the missing was numbered,
His fate forever unknown.
But in my heart he is buried—
Sacred these desolate years.
So over him fades this lily
Bedewed with unceasing tears.

A WORD.

A word, not meant for me to hear,
Fell, like a blessing, on my ear;
And, all day long, that precious word
Has been, to me, a singing bird;
And hope and joy, like flowers of spring,
Within my heart are wakening.

“BACK THERE.”

There comes to him, whose feet have roamed
From childhood's scenes afar,
A vision, that thro' mist of years,
Seems bright as Bethlehem's star.
No matter whether east or west,
'Neath skies more dark, or fair,
There creeps a longing in his breast
Once more to be “BACK THERE.”

He thinks of some green sunny bank
On which he used to play;
Of paths where he on errands sent
Would loiter by the way;
Of birds that sang in tree tops high;
Of wild flowers sweet and fair;
And while the memories throng his brain
He longs to be “BACK THERE”

If fortune makes his life seem dark
He thinks, with tearful eyes,
It had been better had he staid
'Neath those more friendly skies;
Or, if the fates have kindly dealt
And given him bounteous share
Of earthly joys, he still will long
Sometimes, to be “BACK THERE.”

The weariest woman who appears
To think alone of now,
Still treasures thoughts of by-gone years
Beneath her care-worn brow;
And he, of furrowed brow and cheek,
With grizzled beard and hair,
Tho' of the past he may not speak,
Oft longs to be “BACK THERE.”

I sometimes wonder, if, when we
Have gained the heavenly shore,
Faces and scenes we loved in life
Will haunt our dreams once more,
And if, 'mid memories that throng,
We'll think the earth was fair—
While o'er our soul vague longing steals
Once more to be "BACK THERE."

TO MISS W.

A chance acquaintance who showed
me several little acts of kindness.

Should we on long probation stand,
Fearing to grasp a friendly hand;
While with firm lips we coldly say:
I know you not—I go my way?
Not thus would he, who seeks for gold,
In paths to him unknown, untold,
Turn back, when gleams the precious ore,
Saying, "We never met before."

Nay, he would say "Behold! behold!
My practiced eye discerns pure gold."
And he would keep it in his hand,
Tho' he depart to distant land.
And so may we, who met by chance,
And each beheld of each a glance,
Bear friendship's gem within each breast,
Till we shall meet amid the blest.

THE READING OF "BITTER-SWEET."

My friend, I've to make a confession
Of a treat that surpassed all expression.
Ah, yes, 'twas a rich, double treat.—
A "fine roast" and the book—"Bitter-Sweet."
No doubt you correctly have guessed
That the roast I discussed with great zest,
While I thought of Ruth's beautiful heifer,
Her slaughtered, delectable "Zephyr";
And I passed, with a sigh, from the brute
To pay my devoirs to canned fruit.

After breakfast I picked up the book
And thought I would just look within it,
To glance at a line here and there—
I would lay it aside in a minute.
But my sweet little daughter, as tho'
She divined all my innermost wishes,
Said "Ma, if you'll just read aloud,
I will wash every one of the dishes."
"Yes, do, ma!" exclaimed my young son
Who was whittling a stick to a point,
As if that were the chief aim of life.—
And I granted their wishes, thus joint.
My husband was reading a tale
Of war-whoops, and scalp-locks, and prairies,
When he found his attention was caught
By that sad recitation of Mary's.
Without interrupting, he heard
Till I read of her plottings, inhuman,
And then, with a sneer, interfered
With this comment, "AH, NOW LIKE A WOMAN!"

Thus you see that he flung down a gauntlet
I ought to have snatched, and he knew it;
So he hurriedly said, "Well, read on,
I am anxious to hear you all through it."

I read till my throat was on fire
And my lungs were undoubtedly gone;
But whenever I stopped to respire,
My hearers, each one, cried "Go on!"
But at last I concluded to pause
For a breath and a drop of cold water,
To catch a quick glance at the group,
And notice the work of my daughter.

She stood with the dish-cloth suspended,
And dish-water turning to ice,
But ere I could utter reproof said,
"Read on, ma, read on—aint it nice?"
And the boy, with the mania for whittling,
With attention unflagging meanwhile,
Sat still, with his pocket knife open,
Never adding a splint to the pile,
Except thro' the story of "Blue-beard;"
Then the shavings, than ever, flew faster;
And I guess had old Blue-beard been here,
He'd have met with a frightful disaster.
My husband, with strange, thoughtful eyes,
(Tho' his gaze on a footstool was bended)
Looked up, and with impatient haste,
Said, "Go on, and let's see how it ended."

So I read to the "bitter-sweet" end,
And saw by the Poet's own showing,
That all of God's works truly tend
To His glory, tho' past all our knowing;
How Mary forgave all her wrongs
So divinely, altho' she were human;
And I echoed my husband's own words
With a rev'rent—"Ah, NOW LIKE A WOMAN!"

TO MRS. MARTHA W.

On her eighty-fifth birthday.

Dear aged friend, whose eyes can look
Backward, with vision bright,
Adown thy five and four-score years,
Like milestones shining white:—
We stand by thee and try to gaze
Down the long vista of thy days.

Thirty-one thousand days—ah, me!
How very long it seems,
When counted by life's broken hopes
And disenchanted dreams—
But thou hast borne them undismayed,
Calm in God's sunshine and his shade.

Thirty-one thousand days—and more—
Yet all too swift they'd fly,
If filled with pleasures to the brim,
And viewed with tearless eye.—
Too long a road 'twixt birth and death,
If 'twere not lit by christian faith.

The grand example of thy life
We hold as sacred gift,
And when temptations round us throng
Our eyes to thee we lift:—
Thy life-long faith assurance gives
That "He, the great Redeemer lives."

Therefore with grateful hearts we come
And birthday greeting bring,
Craving thy blessing on our lives;
While memory hears thee sing
Those precious words, as long ago,
"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

WHEREAS I WAS BLIND, NOW I SEE.

“Give; give as you have been prospered—
With cheerful, generous hand—
According as you have prospered”—
So pleaded the mission band.
One heard the earnest pleadings
And answered, with bitter smile,
That, measured by such a standard,
Her gift were not worth the while.

She thought of the cramped conditions
That had ruled her all her life;
How her toil-worn hands were weary
Of the never ending strife;
How her anxious, life-long struggle,
To keep the wolf from the door,
Had barely supplied the needs of life;—
Its needs, and nothing more.

Of the humble home, encumbered,
She thought, with a sob of pain;—
Knowing that ruin must follow,
If but once should fail the grain.
She recalled the high ambitions,
That had urged her on thro’ years;
She’d seen them crumble to ashes
While she mourned with secret tears.

She remembered disappointments
That had nearly slain her trust:
Of hopes, that like Sodom’s apples,
Had turned, on her lips, to dust;
She thought of some of her kindred,
Needy, and dear to her heart;
How she’d longed their days to brighten
With a book, or a work of art.

She cried "O God! can a heathen,
 With a wild untutored breast,
Have aught worse than such cravings,
 Such harrowing, keen unrest?"
Her head bowed low and lower,
 While with tears her eyes grew blind;
Then there seemed to touch her eyelids
 A hand that was firm and kind.

And a solemn voice seemed saying
 "Thou hast shelter, clothing and bread:
But He who gave thee a deathless hope
 Had not where to lay his head.
What book couldst thou give the needy
 To equal the Book he has given?
What work of art surpasses
 The christian's hope of heaven?

"Send the Word to all the people
 In the islands of the sea;
Tho' they never have heard of heaven
 They are equal heirs with thee.
The cheerful giver is blessed—
 Remember the widow's mite."—
'Twas the Master's hand had touched her
 And her eyes received their sight.

Her troubles all seemed so trifling,
 That her brow grew red with shame—
She emptied her purse of its pennies
 And gave them in His name,
Praying that others, self blinded,
 Might freely receive their sight,
And to aid in preaching the gospel
 Ungrudgingly give their mite.

FAREWELL WORDS.

Read at a farewell reception given by Mrs. Dodge for the Sabin and Sherman families, who were about to emigrate to Dakota.

Neighbors, of many years, we meet tonight,
Mid flowers, and music, and soft beaming light,
As we before have met,—O many times—
With cheerful speech, and laughter's mellow chimes—
Have met, and parted, with glad shining eyes,
And carelessly have uttered light good-byes.

Thus let it be tonight; our hostess fair
Has banished from our minds all thoughts of care.
Pleasure presides, and cheerfully she sings:—
“Be gay tonight, what e'er tomorrow brings—
Tomorrow has no hold upon today—
Tomorrow is a thousand years away.”
We catch the trill and lilt of merry measure,
And dedicate the present hour to pleasure;
Re-echoing the chorus that she sings—
“Be gay tonight, what e'er tomorrow brings.”

Dear friends, these pleasant meetings but foreshow
Another meeting we sometime shall know;
A happy meeting, in a blessed Land,
Where we shall be a re-united band;
And, with clasped hands, look in each other's eyes,
The while we learn, with rapture and surprise,
How all our joys, griefs, losses as they ran,
Were part of God's unerring, wondrous plan
To bring these neighbors all together there,
Into His house, where many mansions are.

PRAY FOR HIM.

Parting wide the misty curtains, that were veiling eastern skies;
With the light of heaven still beaming on hair, and brow and eyes,
Sprang merrily forth the Morning, with bright flowers in her
train,

And the birds sang in the tree-tops, such a loud and merry strain—
Sweetly, blithely in the tree-tops, as they'll never sing again.

All the dewy buds of morning opened wide their sleepy eyes;
Held their fragrant breath in wonder, when the Noon, in royal
guise,

Stepped before them, proud and stately, brighter than the
brightest gem,

Like a radiant emissary, from the new Jerusalem—
Come to whisper of the glory of the New Jerusalem.

Then the Night, in solemn beauty, starry-crowned, with
hands at rest,

Gliding quietly and slowly down the pathway of the west,
Greets the toilers who are weary of the noontide's glowing sun,
Folds them till they learn to utter, "Father, may thy will be
done—

Guide us, guard us, keep us ever, for the merits of thy Son."

Pray for him, whose morn is clouded, and whose noon is overcast,
And whose night is moonless, starless,—dreary future, present,
past—

Pray for him, that when the city, which hath never any night,
Opens wide its pearly gateway, he may join the throng in white—
Rest in peace and bliss supernal, clad in robe of spotless white.

TO E. C. S.

On receiving a promised letter from Rome.

Like a child that misses its mother,
And yearns for its distant home,
Have I sighed, O loved one, and waited
And longed for the "letter from Rome."
But today it has come—it has come—
My heart sings glad as a bird—
While I read it over and over
And treasure each gracious word.

And in beauty, from out the foldings,
Looks the Saint Cecilia's face;
The dark, pathetic, uplifted eyes
Seem pleading for heaven's grace;
While plain on the eloquent pages—
Nor due to an artist's paint—
Are your radiant, soulful features
More dear than a pictured saint.

Thanks, thanks to your earnest poet soul,
And thanks to your artist pen;
For me you have painted a picture
That cannot vanish again.
On my spirit's canvas, immortal,
Complete in its light and shade
The sublime "Transfiguration" glows
By your skilful pen portrayed.

And whenever a grief oppresses
And I seek for strength and light,
That group of the helpless disciples
Will evermore be in sight.
Then my eyes I'll lift to the mountain
To the blessed Helper there,
And swift in his pathway to heaven
Shall my strong trust cleave the air.

Thus out of your generous kindness,
You have made the blind to see—
You have lifted away the curtain
From between old Rome and me.
And the thanks and blessings I send you
Would fill quite a massive tome;
For a stronger faith in our Saviour
Was born of the "letter from Rome."

EASTER.

O, risen Christ! we bring, to-day, as tokens of trust and love,
Gifts at Thy blessed feet to lay; fair flowers, our faith to prove.
Lilies, white as thy death-wan face; roses, red as the blood
That from Thy precious, wounded side in a crimson torrent flowed.
With gifts of fragile flowers, we bring contrition and deathless
faith—

We know that Thou, our crucified King, awoke from the sleep of
death.

Thou'st proven that those who sink to rest, while we sob in bitter
pain

When hands are crossed on pulseless breasts, will rise from the
grave again.

Trust in each heart springs up like flowers, afresh each Easter day,
The stone of doubt that blocked the tomb, Faith's angel has rolled
away.

"The resurrection and life I am."—The resurrection and life—
These are the crowning words of Thy Word; they silence all doubt
and strife.

We pray Thee accept our gift of flowers, and the contrite hearts
we bring,

In humble faith at thy feet to lay, our Friend, our Saviour, our
King.

SIXTY-FIVE'S UNCONSCIOUSNESS.

Where are the dear old people gone—the ones we used to know—
Whose wrinkled faces gently beamed 'neath locks as white as
snow?

Not one of those we used to love dwells on the earth today;
And left without their teachings, kind, we're prone to go astray.
Knitting within my open door, today I watched the sky,
While great pearl-tinted fleecy clouds went slowly sailing by.—
A hesitating footstep came, and paused beside my chair;
A maiden's hand seemed, rev'rently, to touch my faded hair.

I saw the timid, troubled look, upon the blushing face;
I gently drew the hands in mine, and asked "What is it, Grace?"
Beneath the snowy downcast lids was gleam of rising tears;
She said, "I come to you, because you've lived so many years;"
Then sinking down upon a stool, her face hid on my knee,
She told, with tears and broken words, her grief and fears to me.
It seemed absurd—and yet 'twas true—the story sadly told—
"A lover's falling out"—and she but seventeen years old.

She was so young, I almost longed to take her in my arms,
And sing a simple lullaby, to soothe the child's alarms.
I thought of one dear wrinkled face, whose counsel used to be,
In vexed, uncertain days of youth, a guiding star to me.
I wished her here—but forty years she's slept beneath the sod—
What could I do save counsel give, and wisdom ask of God?
Thus children often come to me in deference to my age—
Ah, would one wise old friend were left to give them counsel
sage.

BE GOOD AND TRUE.

What e'er mankind may do or say—
Or if the hours be grave or gay—
This motto heed, in all you do,
Be good and true—be good and true.

TO MRS. AMELIA PECK.

I doubt not, when this message meets your eyes
That it will cause a moment of surprise.—
Dear Frankie told me 'twas at your desire
She brought me roses, bright as friendship's fire.

O, not too many roses throng my way;
Therefore I thank you from my heart, today.
If fate my pathway must with thorns bestrew,
Their points are dulled when roses o'er them grow.

I have been told since childhood's early morn
"There never blooms a rose without its thorn:"
But ever thus, the sentence I transpose,
THERE NEVER GROWS A THORN WITHOUT ITS ROSE.

Kind, gracious friend, of a brief passing hour,
Your hand has planted in my heart a flower;
And since 'tis watered with my grateful tears,
It will not perish in the coming years.

And when the earth is faded from your sight,
Perhaps you'll see a bank of roses bright;
And you will know they grew from seed you sowed
Beside a stranger's dull and dusty road.

June 12, 1900.

WITH A NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

What need to be wishing you happiness,
When I know that the glad New Year
Would blot itself off from the calendar,
If it held for you a tear?



YOU BID ME COME.

You bid me come and greet with you the Springtime,
Still dallying on Chautauqua's breezy hills;
With you revisit the loved haunts of childhood,
The sunny nooks, and trace the singing rills;
Search for the ground pine in the grand old forest,
Surprise the violet in its mossy dell,
And hear the robin in the fragrant orchard,
As long ago, its sweet love story tell.

It would be joy—and yet tears slowly gather
Within my eyes, while memories throng my brain;
I see in fancy well remembered playmates,
And hear their happy voices ring again.
How should I greet those friends, or you, my sister,
After these many years of checkered care?
The changeling who would know? For when we parted
I wore not wrinkled brow, nor snow-flecked hair.

Fain would I come, but little arms are clinging
Around my neck, and warm lips, on my cheek,
Are pressing kisses, and are softly saying
“We could not spare you mamma—even a week.”
Therefore, you see, it is my pleasant duty
To stay and clasp, with joy, my flower-wreathed chain,
Yet sometime—sometime, if God wills, dear sister,
I'll visit you and childhood's scenes again.

May, 1880.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

O, loved Chautauqua, I have wandered long,
Yet in my heart, like some sweet, haunting song,
I've kept the mem'ry of thy hills and vales,
Thy flashing streams, thy darkly-wooded dales;
And thought no other sky was half so blue,
No other wild flowers had such dainty hue,
And nowhere else were friends so fond and true.

And I've believed thro' all the long, long years,
When I've been shedding bitter, homesick tears,
That just to breathe the air upon thy hills,
Would banish sorrow and all earthly ills;
To pluck the frail spring beauty, in the glade,
And red squaw berries, in the pine tree's shade,
Would make me seem a care-free little maid.

And so, expectant, I am here today,
A weary woman, growing old and gray:
Asking of thee, whose skies first on me smiled,
To welcome back thine own, thy truant child;
That I may still retain within my breast
Thy mem'ry as the fairest, and the best,
When I go back to prairies of the west.

And O, I long, as would a homesick child,
For faces that in childhood on me smiled;
My father's and my tender, gentle mother's,
My happy sisters,' my light-hearted brother's;
And many friends, who e'er were kind and true;
I almost think they gave the flowers their hue,
And made the sky appear so warm and blue.

For tho' I search, with eager eyes, and find
Beth lilies, ferns and flowers of every kind,

Whose petals by the balmy airs are kissed,
There comes between them and my eyes a mist,
For the few friends, tho' kind, seem but to wait,
As tho' the hour were near, tho' somewhat late—
For them, and me, to pass the silent gate.

June, 1896

“HELLO, PAPA.”

In a lawyer's office, I sat one day,
When over the wire from blocks away,
The telephone bell went ting-a-ling-ling—
With a curious, strange, uncertain ring—
“Hello? Hello, papa!”

Stern, keen, ambitious and legal wise
Was the man before me, in worldly eyes;
But, ah, a smile of ineffable grace
Softened the lines of his rugged face
When the phone said “papa.”

His voice took on a baby-talk tone,
When he answered the call of his precious one,
For he knew little three-year-old, sweet and fair,
Had clambered up in a great arm chair,
To talk to her papa.

Bowing his head, like those who pray,
He listened, and answered her patiently.
Cases and briefs were as naught to him,
While the bird-like voice, so weirdly dim,
Was talking to papa.

O God's great blessing, a child's pure love,
Than jewels or gold, it is far above;
And none will regret, some future day,
If they patiently heed what children say,
Calling—"Papa," "Mamma!"

Sometimes bowed low, like those who pray,
I list for a voice that passed away
Years, and years, and years ago;
A voice that uttered soft and low,
"I love you, dear mamma!"

And listening thus, I catch a tone
That throbs o'er the spirit's telephone;
Thrillingly sweet, from far away,
The same soft voice that used to say
"I love you, dear mamma!"

O thus may the Father, who loves us all,
Give heed when his earthly children call,
And patiently, tenderly bow to hear
Each earnest pleader that seeks his ear,
"O, hear us, our Father!"

WITH A THANK-OFFERING.

Judge not my thankfulness, O Lord, by this small gift I bring;
I have not tribute fit for thee, my Saviour and my King—
Thou wouldst not ask a full, white fleece from sheep too closely
shorn,
And thou who knowest all, will view with pity, not with scorn.—
Then if my gift accepted be; before its mission cease,
I pray thee let its worth, O Lord, a thousandfold increase.

TO MR. AND MRS. ESPENETT.

On their departure for Dakota.

Shall we sit idly down, in tears,
Counting like beads the by-gone years,
Saying that nevermore shall be
Such years for you—such years for me?

O, friends, the hand that shapes the pearl,
And starts the planets on their whirl;
And paints with fire the diamond stone,
Builds up no year of grief alone.
The chemist knows the true alloy—
How much of pain to mix with joy;
He gives to each the proper share,
Blending the whole with loving care.

We shudder, when the storm is here
And cower, perhaps, in doubt and fear,
But when 'tis past there hangs on high
His rainbow written on the sky—
His bow of promise, and we're told,
Just at its foot his wealth of gold.

We do not doubt it, friends, for you
Have oft assured us it is true,
God's promises are based on gold,
And 'gainst them naught can stand or hold.
And so, tho' summer flowers are dead,
And clouds seem lowering overhead,
This promise is sufficient, quite,
At evening time it shall be light.

Oct. 12, 1906.

IS THIS THE BEST WAY?

(By permission.)

In Skowhegan, Maine, they have hit on a plan
For redemption of Skowhegan sinners,
A mission society meets every month
And offers some excellent dinners.
The populace furnish the coffee and bread,
They chip in a dime when you eat it.
(Since the Lord has a claim on their personal work
These dimes are expected to meet it.)

They discuss all the heathen, from farthest Ind
To foreigners born in our cities:—
The isles of the sea; and the sinner far off!
(You understand, don't you, how it is?)
And having concluded their program, of course
They should not be asked to do more.
The essays and dinner leave no time to waste
On the heathen before their own door.

If all the commandments that Moses engraved
Are broken by Skowheganites;
Or vice and intemperance haunt every street
With all sorts of barbarous rites,
Their plan to improve the condition is this:
Each month eat a pretty fair dinner,
Discuss the Bohemians, chip in a dime,
And pray for the far-away sinner!

A Samaritan Squad, or a Gideon guild,
Brave Slummers with well matured plan
Might appeal to the erring and dissolute soul
Of some misguided woman or man.
But who can imagine how long it would take
To reconstruct Skowhegan sinners
By this roundabout method of serving the Lord?
(However, they get up good dinners.)

M. P. WHEELER.

TO M. P. WHEELER.

(An explanation.)

I come from Skowhegan. (It may be in Maine?)
And the ways of our mission, I rise to explain:—

We do all the good in the world that we may;
That our work be accepted, we earnestly pray;
We aid the improvident;—and send forth the Word
To the heathen, who never of Jesus has heard;
And for Skowhegan people, we do all we can,
Whether misguided woman, or dissolute man.

The workers in missions—as everyone knows—
While doing their duties, must have food and clothes;
So we cook a good dinner—our funds to increase—
And sell to the hungry, at ten cents apiece;
And we never supposed there could be a sinner,
Who'd bite at the hand that was serving his dinner.

But since such a strange thing has chanced to occur,
We really believe we've a right to infer,
That there has come down, thro' the march of the ages,
(In spite of the many Darwinian stages,)
An ancestral trait, from some cannibal crank,
Who ate missionaries, and from their skulls drank.

But with tolerance gentle, we hopefully say:
“That trait will die out, by millennial day.”
Meanwhile we'll go on, in spite of such sinners,
A cooking and selling our mission-day dinners,
Disbursing the funds, to the best of our light,
Tho' we may not, entirely, escape from a BITE.

THEY DRANK IN THE SAME CANTEEN.

O, tenderly reared and wisely trained,
Two neighbor boys were they,
Ever loyal friends, and chums at school,
Joining in study and play.
They were taught to love the golden rule,
And their mission mites they gave,
Sitting side by side in Sunday school
Benighted souls to save.

They honored and loved our nation's flag;
It led them o'er ocean waves:
And both went down one starless night
Into deep untimely graves.
Ah yes, went down! I will tell you how
Those youths, with the noble mien,
Went swift to their graves in manhood's morn
Thro' door of the army canteen.

In a foreign land, half-sick, they longed
For home and nourishing food;
The tempter told them the canteen held
A draught that would do them good.
Afar from the counsel of faithful friends,
They fell 'neath the tempter's wile—
Again and again their blood was fired
By the drink, accursed and vile.

One night half crazed, they quarrelled and fought,
When one a revolver drew,
And thrusting it into the other's face,
His comrade and friend he slew;
Then turned the weapon upon himself—
There came a flash of light—
And thus those two young soldier boys
Went down in the same dark night.

“Died of their wounds,” so the papers said,
Nor mentioned the ghastly scene;—
Still there are thousands of other boys
Who drink in the same canteen.
The army canteen is the subtlest foe
Our soldiers will ever find;
And yet our glorious stars and stripes
In protection are round it twined.

O, may those mothers who sit at home
And talk of their soldier sons,
Always believe that their lives went out
Under the enemy’s guns.
Undreaming, such boys could sink so low,
They will keep their memory green.—
God save the other soldier boys
Who drink in the same canteen,

“LET BYGONES BE BYGONES.”

I have shut the door of the dead Old Year,
I’ve shut and bolted it fast;
I’ll never recall a smile nor a tear,
From the dim and silent past.

I’ve taken the hand of the glad New Year
To be led in pathways bright;
I haven’t a worry, a care, or fear—
My heart is happy and light.

One year of the gracious present is more
Than a thousand that are past.—
I’m glad I have closed, forever, the door
And bolted it strong and fast.

WAITING THE SUMMONS AT EIGHTY-SIX YEARS.

Affectionately Dedicated to "Uncle Jim" Clement.

I sit and wait by the mystic gate,
Bereft of comrades of youth, I wait,
And list for a summons I soon shall hear
That will fall like music on my ear:
Like a mother's voice, on summer eve,
Who calls her child, his play to leave.

Folding him softly upon her breast,
Kissing his eyelids to sleep and rest,
Leaving him safe in the land of dreams,—
So, to me, the coming summons seems.
I cheerful wait till the call shall come,
The call that will say—"Dear child, come home."

Life has been sweet, and kind has been fate,
Since first I entered life's wondrous gate;
Around me are faces fair and young,
And kind words fall from each youthful tongue;
Yet I long for a face I no more see,
That has passed the gate and waits for me.

Her patient love was the light of home,
Her hand seems beckoning me to come,
And our little babe with sunlit hair,
Who many years has been waiting there,
Will welcome me to the Saviour's side—
Our great Redeemer—the Crucified.

Whose atoning blood has made us free,
Whose hand will open the gate for me:
Will speak the message I soon shall hear,
Which will fall like music on my ear.
O tenderly will the summons come
From his gracious lips, "Dear child, come home."

MATER DOLOROSA.

The snow it is sifting and falling
Adown from the winter of years:
'Tis dimming my eyes, O, my darling,
It can not be swept back by my tears;
'Tis dulling the sense of my hearing,
Benumbing my hands and my feet;
And even my heart it is chilling
Till feeble and faint grows its beat.

The snow that is sifting and drifting,
No summer has power to thaw;
I shiver, and 'round me more closely
The warmth of your love I would draw.
'Tis falling so silent, so softly,
Of its depth you can not be aware:
I feel it drift deeper and deeper—
You see but the flakes on my hair.

But sometime, you'll know, and in sorrow
You'll touch the white drift on the brow;
You'll shudder and shrink from the contact,
As I even shrink from it, now.
The source of these tears will be frozen;
The cold hands no longer caress;
The pale lips, then chilled into silence,
Can not counsel, nor chide you, nor bless.

No useless remorse may you, then, feel,
To add to that hour's bitter woe:—
Think not that your hand, O, my loved one—
Helped heap up the life-chilling snow.
Your love, like a warm crimson sunset,
That mantles the earth like a blush,
Will fall o'er the snowdrift so softly
'Twill glow with a life-tinted flush.



EASTER MORNING.

On the blessed Easter morning,
Christ, in triumph, left the tomb;
Earth was clad in springtime glory—
Gone the winter's doubt and gloom.
Now again, returns the Easter,
Gladdest time of all the year;
Snow-white lilies rise in greeting
Yellow daffodils appear.

He is risen! He is risen!
Angels rolled the stone away—
He, who died for sins of others,
Is not dead—He lives to-day.

Come, O trilliums, to the wood-lands;
Violets, crown the sunny hills;
Golden cowslips, gild the marshes,
All along the singing rills;
Roses, flush the gray-green prairies;
Tulips, gleam in garden bed;
Dandelions, star the pathways;—
Christ is risen from the dead.

Swing, O columbine, your censers
Lightly in each passing breeze;
Locusts, hang out cups of honey
For the flower-haunting bees;
Spring up, May-weed, in the by-ways,
Swirl your blossoms, milky white;
Trail them all along the highways,
Beaming like a silver light.

Blush, O peach trees, into blossom:
Orchards, scatter rosy snow;
Hasten, south winds, from your caverns.
Tenderly and softly blow;

Humming birds, flash swift as sunbeams
Thro' the branches overhead;
He, who loved and blest the children,
Is arisen from the dead.

Fling your bridal veils around you,
Plum and cherry trees, today;
Earth should be like bridal chamber
Sweet and beautiful and gay.
Maples, put out buds of coral;
Willows, call the pussies out;
Ferns and grasses, come; 'tis Easter,
We have done with fears and doubt.

Now the grave has no more terror,
Christ has robbed it of its gloom.
We shall meet our blessed loved ones,
They will surely leave the tomb.
We are happy as the springtime,
Clouds and doubts have fled away—
He, who died for sins of others,
Is not dead—He lives today.

He is risen—He is risen!
Angels rolled the stone away,
He, who left the tomb, triumphant,
Is not dead—He lives today.

MAJORITY.

He, today, is twenty-one,
My first-born, my only son.

And the law says he can stand
Firm without a guiding hand;

Says he is, today, a man,
Free to vote and work and plan;

Takes him boldly from my hand,
I may him no more command.

* * *

I a score of years have had,
To train aright the little lad;

One good citizen to mould,
True as steel, and pure as gold.

And unto the law I say:
"Take my boy of yesterday;

"Take him with his youthful face,
Perfect form, and manly grace;

"Pure in heart, I see no flaw,
Make of him a man in law;

"Only this do I withhold—
Tithe of his heart's purest gold."

* * *

Now my thoughts go swiftly back,
O'er his childhood's checkered track.

If I trained him not aright,
'Twas because I lacked for light;

I, in weakness, did my best,
And to God I leave the rest.

“Father, thou didst love thy Son,
Love, I pray, my only one;

“If I’ve led in error’s way,
Set his footsteps right, I pray;

“Be the pillar fire by night,
That shall guide his feet aright;

“Be the shadow cloud by day,
That will shield him on his way.

“Father, If thine eyes can see
Errors, blame not him—but me.

“O correct him in thy love,
Make him fit to dwell above.

“And when ends his life’s brief span,
O receive my boy—this man.”

GOOD BYE TO 1896.

At twelve o’clock, to-night, Old Year, thou’lt lay thy sceptre down,
And to thy young Successor give the keys, accounts and crown;
With eighteen hundred ninety-five past rulers thou must rest;
Thy record, like an open book, placarded on thy breast.
I read the record mournfully,—the saddest ever read.—
For thou hast wrung from out my heart the bitterest tears e’er shed;
Thou’st shown how friendship, false, can sting, and a blow from
traitor’s hand.

Old Year, thy wrongs to me and mine I can not understand.

And yet—and yet, thou’st shown to me, like a crimson rose in snow,
How friendship in some faithful hearts can burn with steady glow.
For this, I bless thee, Dying Year: no scorn, no hate I hold;
But with forgiveness clasp thy hand, fast growing weak and cold.

Not mine to heap reproaches now—no fallen foe I smite—
Peace and good will are in my heart, on this thy dying night.
Go, go in peace, dark Ninety-six; O, speed thee, Ninety-seven!
Thou'lt right the wrongs the Old Year did; and Earth will seem
like Heaven,
Courage, sad hearts! Hope smiling stands beside the bright New
Year;
Prosperity is in her hand, undimmed by sigh or tear;
Courage, faint hearts, that lie supine, beneath the chast'ning rod!
For RIGHT IS RIGHT and will prevail, as sure as God is God.

TO MRS. G.

Read at a farewell surprise party at the parsonage, when about fifty ladies met and presented a handsome rocker to Mrs. Gardner, just before the Rev. William Gardner, with his family, departed for a new field of labor.

All the merry wives of Windsor, and the merry maidens too,
Put their merry heads together, to give this surprise to you;
A surprise—not all of gladness—for we can not fail to note,
There's a quivering of eyelids; there's a choking in each throat.
For, marching through the memory is a quartette of past years,
In which you've shared our merriment, in which you've shared
our tears,
But the cruel word of NEVERMORE keeps surging thro' each brain
And the merry hearts of Windsor are subdued by loss and pain.

Since you must go to other scenes, and we must say adieu;
We beg you take a magic gift and bear it hence with you;
And when life's burdens press too hard, just seat you in this chair,
And all vexatious worrying will float off in the air.
You'll think of Windsor parsonage, where little Helen played;
You'll remember all the sunshine, and you'll forget the shade;
You will think of us who love you, and who earnestly now pray,
God's blessing upon you and yours, while the swift years roll away.

THE HERO OF MANILA BAY.

'Twas not alone Manila Bay
That gilded Dewey's name.
'Twas not the sinking of a fleet
That gave him deathless fame.
'Twas what he was before that day,
And what he since has been,
That gave to him a laurel wreath—
Such wreath as heroes win.

When God has planned a noble work,
To change some wrong to right,
He trusts it not to folly's hand—
But wisdom strong and white.
A royal road leads to fame's shrine
And neither you nor I
Can grope today in infamy
And be next day set high.

For all must pass in grand review,
Before the eyes of fame.
Her piercing glance will look them through;
She asks no man his name.
She asks not of his place of birth,
Nor of what parents born,
Nor if he shared the wealth of earth
Or poverty and scorn.

But touching each with magic wand
The dross is swept away;
Only the hero then is left,
All else is crumbling clay.
The life impure is brought to light,
Deeds good and bad stand out.
Black is not changed to spotless white,
There is no chance for doubt.

A half a hundred years, perhaps,
 One toils with hand that bleeds,
And all the road he travels o'er
 He paves with manly deeds;
Then comes the moment of his fate,
 He answers, "Here am I."—
Fame lifts him far above the crowd
 And writes his name on high.

O! boyhood, set a sleepless guard
 About your life each day,
That fame may find a hero there,
 Instead of worthless clay.
Keep watchful guard about your deeds,
 As moments swiftly fly,
Forgetting not you always stand
 In the searchlight of fame's eye.

Thus stands George Dewey,
 On the heights forevermore secure.
Safe in the critic's searching light,
 Because his life is pure.
Had he lacked that, he'd not been called
 To honor on that day;
Some other man had then been crowned
 The hero of the bay.



APPLE BLOSSOMS.

(On my Christmas card.)

I thought it was December, bleak and drear,
But you have made it spring-time of the year;
There must be bending o'er me, warm blue skies,
Around me, glancing wings and bright black eyes.
There must be insect tones, like fairy bells,
Ringing among your rosy petal shells;
And songs of rapture from glad feathered throats—
O dainty flowers, your perfume round me floats—
And if I part the boughs and look them thro'
I shall find robins' nests with eggs of blue.

The present has no hold upon me now,
I am a child again, with smooth white brow,
Standing where boughs like ruddy clouds are spread,
Dropping their fragrant shower upon my head.
The soft green grass beneath my feet is springing
And children's happy voices 'round me ringing.
You have brought back an orchard to my mind,
Bound with a zig-zag fence, and just behind
A grand pine forest holds its sheltering arms,
While at its foot a brooklet sings its charms.

Not the queen rose, with all her regal powers,
Holds over me the charm of these sweet flowers;
They are a fairy's magic wand to me;
The emblem, too, of hope, they ought to be.
And sometime when the load upon my breast
Has dwindled down to clods, with grassy crest,
I hope some loving friend, with tender smile,
Will linger by the mound a little while—
And praying for my soul—will gently lay
Above my heart, a blooming apple spray.

OL' FOLKS.

Read at a spelling match between old and young people,
at a W. C. T. U. meeting.

Fer menny a day, it's ben the way
Thet young folks here, hev hed their say;
Whiles we ol' folks waz sot aside—
We might about ez well hev died:
Fer ev'ry little sassy pate
Says "Ol' folks isn't up-to-date."
An' gittin' off their shaller jokes
Erbout the "quare ways of ol' folks."
They laugh erbout our gownds—an hair,
An' at our bunnits rudely stare;
They wink erbout our broad toed shuze:—
An' our wise counsels they refuse.

We don't wear shuze like needle pints
A-crippin' up our big toe jints:—
An' we don't, ez a gineral rule,
Frizzle our hair like nigger's wool:—
Ner roun' our waists tight corsets hook
Till like a yaller wasp we look;—
We don't wear rings ner no sich things,
We haint the pride sich folly brings,
But we've got pride, ez well as you,
We've pride in what we say an' dew,
An' all my days I've heerd these words:
"Fine futhers duze not make fine birds."
So ef you make a finer show,
We're jest as good in calereo.
Fer "purty is as purty duze,"
Regardless of your pinted shuze.

Young folks aint whut they use ter be
In eighteen hunderd sixty-three.
They don't dew as they use ter dew
In eighteen hunderd sixty-tew.

They didn't hev a sassy tongue
In them ol' days when I waz young.
They didn't cut sich curis pranks
Like cuttin' "thank you" down tew "thanks."
'Twas "Thank you, mom," or "Thank you, sir"
Fer enny favor you'd confir.
With knives they et their beans an' pork—
Didn't pitch 'em up with a four-tined fork;
In sassers turned their tea to cool—
Didn't sip it down by teaspoons-full.
They use ter dress 'ith common sense
An' figgered all-wuz on expense.

They didn't go ter church fer show—
They went in clean, starched calerco,
With bunnits drawed clost roun' each face
In a demure an' modest grace;
An' all the faces that I knowed
Wuz fair as fairest flowers that blowed.
Some of them faces ne'er growed old,
Fer ere life's story wuz half told,
They smiled "good by" an' went away
Biddin' us meet 'em, some blest day,
An' they'll be glad tew greet me there,
In spite of wrinkles an' gray hair;
They'll know my soul is young—an' free;—
They will be glad tew welcome me.

O, I dew wish thet sixty-three
Could be brought back agin tew me.
Neighbors wuz jest like kindred then—
Trew-hearted wimmen—honest men;
Young men wuz modest in them days
An' girls wuz wise in wimmens ways.
An' young men now would resk their lives
Tew git sich wimmen fer their wives.

An' children alwuz in the house
Sot in straight rows—still ez a mouse,
Right proper little girls an' boys—
An' ol' folks then warnt crazed by noise.
O, I dew sithe fer them ol' days
When young folks spoke ol' folkses praise.

Neow we're pushed back agin the wall
An' crowded in a corner small.
Corn kin be cornered, so kin wheat,
An' pork an' all sich things tew eat;
But ol' folks caint be cornered so,
An' thet's the thing yew ort tew know;
So now don't try et enny more,
We've stepped raight eout—we've got the floor.
Prehaps we don't know how tew dance
But we kin spell "temperance."
You sneer as ef we couldn't spell,
Jest like you say we caint sing well.
Our voices trimble some—et's trew
But we kin sing ez well ez yew.—
We'll sing a hymn—ef 'taint did well,
An' we'll stan' up with yew tew spell.
We're out of practice, jest a mite,
But we kin spell most all words right.
An' 'taint wuth while to make a-do,
Ef we dew miss a word or tew.
Jest chuze up sides, we'll hev a test;
We'll see ef old or young spells best.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY.

Written for the Ladies' Missionary Society of Windsor.

The quarter-century mark is reached; let us a moment pause,
Reviewing the work that we have done in our Redeemer's cause.
O, dare we say in our secret hearts "Search us, and prove us, Lord!
Behold our labor was all for Thee: thy glory our rich reward?"
Have we wrought for the world's vain praises, forgetting our
 little part
Was only to bring to thee, our King, each darkened soul and
 heart?
Have we thought too much of a golden crown, striving for that,
 alone,
Thinking its stars would adorn our brows, before the great white
 throne?

Or, have we wrought like the thoughtless ones, who care not how,
 or why;
Moving along with the surging throng, unheeding the Master's
 eye?
Whatever of good our hands have done—in all our blund'ring
 ways—
We pray Thee accept it in Jesus' name—to Him be all the praise.
There may, perhaps, be a dusky throng before thy court, today,
Pleading,—tho' motives were often wrong,—that we be not
 turned away.
They rejoice in the blessed tidings, the mission brings to them,
And they see, with eyes of childlike faith, the New Jerusalem.

In their new-born joy of souls redeemed, they've not the careless
 ways
Of those, who have known their heritage, from childhood's early
 days.
Henceforth, may we ever do our part in a meek and earnest way
As did He, who taught by Galilee, in dawn of Christian day.
If we, like those who are born to wealth, have claimed Heaven
 ours, by right,
And walked in our own and not thy ways; nor kept thy law in
 sight;—
Forgive us, Lord! Forgive us, O, Lord! with loving mercy mild;
And help us to be again, we pray, like a humble little child.



WATER LILIES.

Again, O beautiful lilies,
With your hearts of fragrant gold,
You are troubling pools of water,
As an angel did of old.
For my soul was sick with longing—
Heedless of present and past;
Dried were the fountains of feeling,
As sands of a desert vast.

But you held up fragrant censers
Today as I drifted by,
And the tears fell thro' my fingers
From eyes that had long been dry.
You brought me a sacred mem'ry
Of a June-time, long ago,
When the world was full of sunshine
And my heart with hope aglow.

You heard, with faces uplifted,
That day, while the sunset died,
The beautiful, new, old story,
While lovers sat side by side.
And you seemed to say "This secret
We surely will ne'er unfold."
And closing your white leaves round it
'Twas safe in your hearts of gold.

Today, while drifting among you,
You've brought it to me again,
With its old celestial glory,
With its joy untouched by pain.
The old-time June is around me,
The story a living truth;
A glory fills earth and heaven,
Restoring the days of youth,

BABY'S THANKS TO "AUNTIE" SHERMAN.

(As interpreted by Baby's Grandma.)

My dran'ma says, a 'ittle dirl ought to have the drace
Dust to send a 'ittle note, to fank 'oo for 'oor lace;
Dran'ma says that I must teep it, nice as it tan be,
And show to all my dranchillerns what 'oo knit for me.—
So, when the 'ittle frock's outdrown, the lace I'll put away
To trim some uzzer pitt'y fing, for my wedding day.

PUNISHED.

Sometime, when the passion that blazed in his eyes,
Has burned down to white ashes—somewhere 'neath the skies—
We shall meet and we'll talk, and all will be plain—
And I'll beg his forgiveness, again and again.
I had whispered these words to my heart all the years,
Since our pathways were sundered, in anger and tears.
And had questioned my soul, in the depths of my woe,
If his answer, that day, would be pitiless "No!"

I was wilful and vain—he, of honor, the soul,—
I had pledged him my hand, but I spurned all control.
I cared not for others, yet smiled at their praise;
And foolishly thought, "'Tis the moth and the blaze."
But his words cut my heart like a knife—every one—
He said "'Tis beneath you to lead others on—
You are wearing my ring, and have pledged me," said he,
"But how can I know you're not trifling with me."

"You are dull," I exclaimed, "but the truth you have guessed,
Take your ring, with its pledge; you're no more than the rest!"
O'er his brow slowly spread an ashen white hue;
He turned from my side, without word of adieu.
At the door he looked back, but I sneered in disdain—
Then he walked swiftly on—while my tears fell like rain.
My love fain had stopped him, my pride said "Be still!
He will surely come back,—I know that he will."

"He will come and we'll talk, and all will be plain,
And I'll beg his forgiveness again and again."
But vainly I waited, while youth sped away;—
Time heavily frosted my brown hair with gray.
He lived on unwedded; the poor blest his hand;
I heard of his deeds, brave, generous and grand.—
Today I have seen him, and never before
Since he turned in just wrath from my side and my door.

His dark beard and hair were sprinkled with gray—
Calm, silent and cold in his coffin he lay.
And my tears that fell over his white face were vain,
Tho' I begged his forgiveness—again and again.
Yet, somewhere I'll meet him, beyond the blue skies;
I'll explain it all then, and the love in his eyes
Will come back;—then will vanish these bleak years of pain.
We will meet, I am sure, and be lovers again.

AUTUMN'S GIFT.

(To Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Main.)

When queenly Autumn came this way,
In fairer guise than e'er before,
Singing her harvest roundelay;
She heaped her gifts at every door,

She shook the crimson apples down
Till rubies seemed to hide the grass;
Then kissed the cheek of russets brown,
And farmers smiled to see her pass.

But tenderly, within her arms,
She bore one prize, the sweetest, best—
One gift, endowed with angel charms,
And laid it on a loving breast.

One gift, to be received with prayer,
That God may hallow all your joy;
And guide with wise and loving care
Your Autumn prize—your baby boy.

JUST TWENTY-ONE.

A wife, and a mother, and just twenty-one—

O, pitiful fate to befall!

It means never to say I will, or will not—

Or to be your own mistress at all.

Never to say, in all of your life,

That this thing or that thing shall be—

You've bartered your birth-right, like Esau of old,

'Twas a cruel mistake— don't you see?

Nay, Lena, I speak in a jest; for to me,

The lot of the love-guarded wife

Seems the happiest fate a woman may know,

As she travels the pathway of life

And a woman's "I will" is a terrible thing—

A woman's "will not" is still worse;

And often the power to say it, my friend,

Proves only a bane and a curse.

It is said that the strength of a woman consists

In her weakness, and oft it is proved;

Therefore she's no need of a will of her own

When wedded and dearly beloved.

So be glad and rejoice, with exceeding great joy,

That you've no need to pave your own way,—

That a sponsor removes every thorn from your path,

And you've nothing to do but "obey."



TO MRS. E. H. ON HER BIRTHDAY.

Chance plays some very curious pranks,
For which we wish to render thanks.—
For instance, we are glad to pay
Birthday respects on “mission day.”—
We met to study mission ways,
Our work is done—for which be praise—
And now we’ll celebrate with cheer
The birthday of our hostess dear.
She may be sixty—more or less—
I do not know, and cannot guess—
But if we count by bad deeds done
Her years could scarce be counted “one.”
Yet reckoned by her good deeds here,
I think she’s in her hundredth year.
If anyone, whom now I see
Says “No good deed she’s done for me,”
I surely will make bold to say,
You must live fifty miles away.
To others’ needs she’s never blind,
’Tis never self that fills her mind—
By all, who know her, ’tis confest,
What e’er her aim, she does her best;
That’s how she makes her happiness—
And ’tis the best way, too, I guess.(?)
We who have known her many years,
Who’ve shared her joys and shared her tears,
Are wishing birthdays, many more,
For Mrs. Haswell are in store.



WHERE IS THE GALLANT FIRST?

Read by Serg't B. R. Ellis at a meeting of the Cavalry
Association in Madison.

Ho! First Wisconsin Cavalry!
Rise up, and let me see
How many comrades, tried and true,
Are left today with me.
Few, few respond to this appeal
Of those brave boys that erst
Sprang to the rescue of our flag—
The grand Wisconsin First.

In memory, I see them yet,
More than a thousand strong,

Youth's buoyancy in every form
As they proudly rode along.
Some left their school books on their desks,
In college lore new-versed—
The very flower of all the state,
The brave Wisconsin First.

They hid the quivering chin from all
Except a mother's eye;
The boyish tears kept back, save when
The sweetheart said good-bye,
Then put on ways of manliness,
Tho' hearts were like to burst,
And dashed away on mettled steeds—
The proud Wisconsin First.

This was the miracle of war:
Boys, instant, changed to men,
Standing to meet the battle shock
And hurl it back again.
From homes of peace and quietness,
To where the fray was worst,
Rushed on this flower of chivalry—
The true Wisconsin First.

One fell—another fell—and we—
We lost no time in tears,
But struck for vengeance, right and left,
Three long and bitter years.
We buried under southern skies,
In soil by rebels curst,
Nearly four hundred valiant boys
Of brave Wisconsin First.

We chased the rebel leader down,
And trapped him in his lair,
Then paused, for victory was ours,
Sweet peace was in the air.

Then came we back to northern homes—
Where loyalty was nursed,—
Bearing our tattered battle flags,—
A remnant of the First.

Many came home with empty sleeves,
Many on crutches came;
But love for comrades in each heart
Is always kept aflame.
And so at these Reunion times,
When great deeds are rehearsed,
We're proud to say we fought with you
Loved comrades of the First.

A SKELETON CLOSET.

So, you have a skeleton closet, I see;
Doubly locked, closely hidden,—but here is the key—
You dropped it, my friend, when your lips you compressed,
And crushed your white arms 'gainst your proud beating breast.

A name lightly uttered, a moment ago—
A casual mention—your cheek blanched to snow—
And the look full of anguish, that came to your eyes,
E'en your proud poise of head, sadly failed to disguise.

Like a swift flash of lightning, the truth came to me.—
By your look full of pleading, you know it, I see.
I answer you mutely—and step in between
Yourself and your guests, that your face be not seen.

Just a moment; and then quite your old self again—
Proud and smiling, your face is unshadowed by pain.
Guard the closet more closely—I'll never betray—
All skeleton closets are best hid away.

THE EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY OF E. E.

Read at a party given in his honor, Dec. 9, 1904.

What! let a birthday come and pass away,
And I not have a single word to say!
When was it thus; or, when shall it be so?
The hopeless answer comes "We do not know."
Vainly and oft this maxim has been told:
"Speech is pure silver—Silence is pure gold."
But German silver in my scrip I bear;
And golden silence vanishes in air.

Yet bear with me as patient as you may,
I only have a word or two to say,
Unto this well-loved aged friend of ours,
Whose hair is turning white as spring-time flowers.
Whose birthday, in the dreary bleak December,
We all with sunny smiles, tonight remember;
And with kind greeting, from our hearts we say:
Many returns, dear friend, of this blest day.

Many more years, for thee, of active life;
Many more years, with her thy gentle wife;
Many more years, with children's love about thee;
And many years with friends who never doubt thee—
Ah! yes, more years this side the great divide;
And endless years upon the other side,
When thou shalt lift thy voice in glad new song,
In praise of Him, whom thou hast served so long.

THE EIGHTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY.

Well, well, how time does glide away,
It seems to me 'twas yesterday,
That I composed a birthday lay
For this dear friend, whose locks are gray.
And when I wrote those lines, I know,
The ground was white with winter's snow,
And now 'tis, like a summer day;
Green grass has hardly turned to gray,
Therefore, it almost does appear
He's having birthdays twice a year.—
But why his birthday e'er should be
Honored by all, some cannot see;
Some of us wonder why 'tis so—
Our birthdays come, our birthdays go
And not a neighbor ever cares
To count new wrinkles, nor gray hairs.
This seems quite strange. "Why is it so?"—
I asked a friend, who ought to know;—
The answer brought humility:—
"Honor to whom 'tis due;" said she,
"Eighty-one years would scarcely bring
Honor to any earthly king,
If he had walked in doubtful ways,
With heart untuned to God's own praise.
So if your birthday you would see
Honored at eighty-one—or three,
Just do as this wise man has done,
Keep close to God, till eighty-one—
Trust, when His ways you can not trace,
If you would see the Master's face."
Rebuke thus coupled with advice,
Brought resolutions in a trice—
And so, for each of us, I say
We will do better from this day,
The example of this worthy friend

Shall make our footsteps heavenward trend;
While in our hearts we'll hope and pray,
That he be spared full many a day,
To be to us an earthly guide,
Leading to Jesus, crucified.—
May we all some day greet this friend
In that blest place—world without end.

GOOD-BY.

To a musician, in 1897.

When bright-hued leaves are falling and flowers have lived their
day;
And sweet-voiced birds are winging to kinder climes away;
Our hearts are ever saddened; we sigh, it will be long
Ere comes again the summer, with birds and merry song.
Yet hope is softening every sigh—
They will come again in the bye and bye.

But when our loved musician flies to another shore,
Where she will make glad music, which we may hear no more;
'Tis sadder far than autumn, we can not stay our grief.
Knowing that she will not return when spring brings bud and leaf.
No hope is blending with the sigh—
She will come no more—Good bye—Good bye.

But yet a warm "God speed you!" and blessings, true and kind,
Will follow where Love leads you, from hearts you leave behind—
Tho' space and time divide us, we yet shall meet some day,
When your magic hands, in heaven, on golden harp strings play.
Then never more our lips will sigh
In saddest tones, Good bye—Good bye.

TO A FRIEND

Who surprised me by writing a pretty little poem to his
daughter on her birthday.

We are told that sweet surprises
Wait us somewhere on the road;
And this promise, so enchanting,
Helps to lighten up our load.
One, of all the sweet surprises,
Surely came to me today,
When I read your lines to Helen—
Such a tender, heartfelt lay.

I'm surprised to find you really,
Of the poet brotherhood;
But I give you hearty welcome
And pronounce your verses good.
Never scorn the muse, my brother,
But upon her pleasure wait;
There is joy past understanding,
When she opes for you the gate.

Tho' we have not strength to ever
Reach the highest step of fame,
We may gather sweet wild flowers
In Parnassus precious name.—
Tho' the poets may be dreamers,
Winning neither fame nor gold,—
Keep the sacred fire burning,
Lest sweet Poesy grow cold.

TO A NEW GRANDMOTHER.

What times are these befalling us? They're surely like no other—
When one can wear a fair young face and still be a grandmother,—
Or have you found that wondrous spring—now tell me, friend,
the truth—
Have you been bathing in the fount of bright perpetual youth?

If so, O tell me where it is, that I its spell may gain
To wash away all marks of age, its memories and pain.
For since I have a granddaughter, I fight old age away,
For I would stay to see her be a grandma old and gray.

Perhaps your grandchild and my own, unto us may impart
Enough of youth's vitality to renovate the heart;
And give us longer lease of life than was at first ordained;
If so, to be a grandmother is surely something gained,

FRUITLESS.

Why gave you not one little word,
One smile, one look, one token,
By which my hope to life had stirred,
My heart been still unbroken.

Or else, why tell you me this day,
Such love for me you cherished;
When all save dark despondency,
Within my heart has perished.

Feb. 22, 1865

FAREWELL TO A PASTOR.

When the Master's voice is calling, who would weakly answer

“Nay!

In this pleasant field of labor, with this loving flock I'll stay?”

Surely, not our own loved Pastor, for his lips would firmly say,

“Speak, O, Lord! Thy servant heareth; and will fearlessly obey.”

We shall miss thee, sadly miss thee,—as our tearful eyes

attest—

Still we say, Go forward brother! We believe 'tis God's behest.

He may have for thee, dear pastor, oft some hard ungracious task—

That thy burdens fit thy shoulders, is the only boon we ask.

We shall miss thy true companion, who came hither when a bride

And has proven friend and neighbor, and a gentle loving guide.

Glad with us in times of pleasure, sad with us in times of woe—

Grateful thanks to her we proffer, while our trembling lips say,

“Go.”

We shall miss thy manly counsel, we shall miss thy earnest

speech—

Miss the words, that like a sword-thrust, could the evil doer reach.

Miss the tender words of comfort that thy lips could softly say.

But the Master's voice is calling, bidding thee “away, away!”

Thou hast kept the temp'rance banner, waving high before our
eyes;

May we not, neath weaker leaders, learn thy teachings to despise.

Be thou true to thine own teachings—never waver from the

right.

Gird against the fiend Intemperance—strike for God with all thy

might.

When thou pleadest with our Father, wilt thou still as thou hast
done,

Ask for us the intercession of the all-atoning One?

Fare thee well, beloved pastor, faithful teacher, brother, friend;

May the grace of God go with thee, and abide unto the end.

CHRISTMAS GREETING

With pressed Autumn Leaves.

To thee, dear sainted Christian friend,
A Christmas gift I fain would send:—
But empty-handed, here I sigh
Nothing but leaves, to give, have I—
Yet they have something for thine ears,
Whispered with gratitude and tears;
This message from my heart they bear
To thee, O friend, with silvered hair:
Not thine the blame if Judgment day
I hear the slighted Saviour say—
"Thy presence here, the Spirit grieves:
Depart! Take hence thy withered leaves,"

1894.

TO MY VALENTINE FRIENDS.

(Miss F. E. W. and Mrs. E. S.)

O many, many, many years has old Saint Valentine
Acted as if, in unison, no heart could beat with mine;
But now at last, the queer old Saint, as if to make amends,
Has sent his choicest valentine by two of my dear friends.

This dainty royal purple gift, within my hand I hold
And note 'tis made of "lover's knots" as firm and true as gold.
Thanks, thanks to you, my loyal friends, for you have saved
the day;
I'll doubt St. Valentine no more, tho' I live till I am gray.

Feb. 15, 1902.

A DREAM.

Last night I dreamed that I was dead,
And lying on a white draped bed;
Yet I, myself, so strange to say,
Was standing by the form of clay;—
Clay, that had been my dwelling place—
And looked with pity on the face,
That bore such marks of care and years,
Such channels made by bitter tears.—
I touched the idle toil-marked hands
That used to move, at my commands,
So swift of yore—so slow of late—
Their lightest tasks had seemed too great.

And now, outside the crumbling shell,
I marvelled not the structure fell;
I had o'ertaxed its strength and skill,
I'd rated it by my own will—
Till I had burst out thro' its door,
To enter it no more—no more.—
I stood beside it quietly
And kissed the dumb lips silently;
Then turned and gazed about the room—
Curtains were down, and all was gloom.
Sweet flowers were heaped upon the clay,
Doomed to go with it to decay.

Friends came and stood beside the bed,
Yet few, indeed, the tears they shed;
But musing thought "Thus ends all life—
Its hopes, ambition, love and strife."
Children with awe-hushed lips came near
And shrinking, gazed without a tear,
And vaguely feared the pulseless clay
Would snatch them up and fly away.

And some, for whom I would have died
Stood there the pallid clay beside—
Those whom I'd nurtured tenderly,
Who'd drawn their very life from me—
And lightly touched the hands and hair,
Thinking of their own earthly care;
And breathed a sigh of thankfulness
That I had passed from helplessness.

Another, with bowed head, came nigh,
With folded arms and tearful eye;
Sobs rent the air—all marked his woe—
They said "Can he sustain the blow?"
He sighed "Ah, well! perhaps 'tis best—
Poor tired one! she needed rest."
And I, who had the power to reach
The inmost thought, behind all speech,
I gladly sped from out the place—
Out—out—and out thro' endless space.

TO MRS. SARAH B.

Dear friend, I send this paper rose, half thinking you have power
To simply touch it with your hand, and make a living flower;
For when my house plants shrivel down and act as if "possess,"
I speak your name—they straighten up and say, "We'll do our
best."

And well they may for you have made the sun to brightly shine
For them, and many human plants, with love almost divine.
Plants smile their thanks in grateful blooms, so take this rose
from me,

With kindest wishes from my heart, for eighteen ninety-three.

TO MRS. EDNA D.

(When she was returning to Colorado.)

Sweet pale-faced flower, to you I send
A farewell blessing, with a prayer,
That God will guard you tenderly,
And keep you in His gracious care.
From love to love your pathway leads,
For hearts you leave are true and kind,
And love awaits you where you go,
As true as this you leave behind.

The fond young husband longs to see
Again his wife and baby boy;
And so we say "God speed," young friend,
And grant you health and household joy.
And O, may no sad changes mark
The months which now may intervene
Ere we shall hear your voice again
And clasp your hand, in joy serene.

A SAINT.

A blessed woman saint lives in our midst today;
With sweet Madonna face, and hair too early gray;
Her heart is burnished gold, without alloy or dross,
She meekly takes the cup of sorrow, pain, or loss.

Patience and endless faith beam in her mild brown eyes,
And from her truthful lips fall words e'er sweetly wise;
The sick and the forlorn are glad to see her face,
Her very presence fills with sunshine all the place.

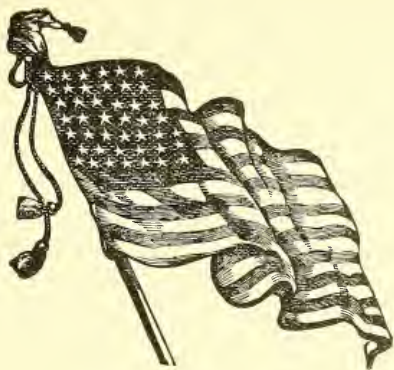
Model of womanhood! Her worthy, patient life
A lesson is to us, whose lives are marred by strife;—
Yet should she read these lines—unconscious of her fame—
She'd dream not who was meant, but speak some neighbor's name.

THREE SCORE AND TEN.

Thou, standing on the height sublime,
The altitude of man's brief time,
Art looking now with backward gaze
Adown the vale of bygone days.
Thou seest again the golden glints
In skies of amethystine tints;
And all the stages, dark or bright,
Ere thou didst reach this blessed height,
Where wreaths of laurel and of bay
Lie round thy feet this royal day.

Now, turning from thy backward glance,
Thou seest the future's broad expanse;
And though there lies a valley low
Through which thine onward steps must go,
Surely, with thine uplifted eyes,
Thou canst behold upon the skies,
Which bend above a city, grand,—
Not builded by man's cunning hand,—
A gleam of light, the clouds upon,
A light that's not of moon nor sun.

Then, like a watchman in the night,
With eyes fixed on that beacon light,
Knowing that where thy treasures are,
Thy heart must ever, too, be there,
Thou'lt calmly walk, thro' darkening ways,
Till suddenly a light shall blaze,
Thro' gates of pearl, thrown open wide,
Where naught but joy will thee betide;
And thou, triumphant, shall pass in
Where thy heart's treasure long has been.



REUNION OF THE THIRTY-SIXTH REGIMENT, WISCONSIN VOLUNTEERS.

July 8, 1891.

Bow the head in tender thought, give to memory the rein;
Care-filled present is forgot; youth and hope are here again;
See the flower of all our land, clad in uniform of blue!
Side by side, again they stand, each a patriot strong and true.

From Tolopotomoy's fierce charge, where blood was shed like rain;
Deep Bottom, too, and Petersburg, come back today the slain!
In fancy we behold again the fearless boys who fell
At Ream's Station and Cold Harbor, and our hearts with pleasure
swell.

For though their homes have missed them a score of years, or more,
We feel their presence round us, as we never have before.
And they rally with us here today, with firm and martial tread,
None are numbered with the missing, none are counted with the
dead.

Some from school-room, some from farm house, some with life
work just begun,
Rushing forth to deadly combat,—startled by Fort Sumpter's gun.

Some are beardless youths, and fragile; yet within each flashing eye,
Gleams the fire of valorous spirit, and a purpose, grand and high.

Brave young souls! There wait before you, shattered limbs and
ghastly death,
Agony in pens of prison; yet you falter not a breath.
For the Right must be defended, and you ask no better lot
Than to be enrolled with martyrs, tho' your deeds should be
forgot.

And when summoned now at roll call, each one answers, as of old,
We may hear his deep voice ringing, if our spirit's breath we hold.
You may call them "dead," or "absent," yet they rally here today
With the same old merry laughter, and their voices young and gay.

Not a shoulder bowed with sorrow, not a head grown gray with
years,
Not a heart with care encumbered, not an eye grown dim with
tears;—
This we see on Memory's tablet, but into the future look!
There the same bright scene is pictured, like a portrait in a book.

For, when all have slumbered sweetly 'neath a quiet emerald tent,
Each will wake and answer "Present," in a heavenly regiment.
Warmly press their hands in fancy, and with smiles their story tell;
Saying in your softest whisper, "Hail, loved comrades, and
farewell!"

PARTING WORDS.

Written at the request of friends and neighbors of August Schlaak
and read at Token church, Feb. 8, 1902.

Within this house we meet tonight,
Where music throbs, and softly beams the light;
But in each heart a shadow seems to dwell,
For we have met to speak a sad farewell.

To bid farewell to him whose faithful care
Has kept this house as sweet and pure as prayer;
He never stopped just at the duty line,
But reached beyond with tenderness divine.

It almost seemed that ceiling, wall and floor
Grew brighter when he entered at the door;
And often wreath, or arch, or floral bell,
Or pulpit flowers would of his kindness tell.

When clover fields are blushing pink and white,
And wayside dells with fair young flowers are bright,
We'll think of him who brought them to this place,
And gave to them new beauty and new grace.

And tho' he goes, and tho' each neighbor grieves,
May he find friends as true as those he leaves.
Honest, and kind, and faithful he has been,
And just reward from Heaven he'll surely win.

THE GRIEVED WIFE.

Now, think it calmly over, John, and let your judgment say
If it was right to speak to me, as you have done today;
When was it that you had to wait for any meal before?
When was it that I met you, John, with cross looks at the door?

I can not take it patiently, to be called a "thrifless shirk"
When with unflagging steps, all day, my feet have chased my work.
Don't think me heedless of your wants—I see your looks of care,
And sadly note the silver threads fast coming in your hair.

You know I've sought to smoothe your path, thro' all our married life,
And tried to be in every way a gentle, helpful wife.—
Not even to a hireling, who had wrought so faithfully
You'd speak such harsh, ungrateful words as you have used to me.

Perhaps 'twas as you say, dear John, a hasty, thoughtless speech.
But words that stab a loving heart have little way to reach.—
O, no! I do not make too much of such a little thing;
The wound a husband gives, like this, e'er leaves a cruel sting.

TO "CARLY."

(With a few manuscript poems.)

Friend of my youth, e'er true and kind,
Accept this bunch of wayside flowers,
That grew half stunted in my mind,
Uncultured in the summer hours.

No hothouse flowers, but each a weed
That grew in spite of drouth or snow.
Thou'lt treasure them beyond their meed,
For our old friendship's sake, I know.

In efforts of my childhood days,
Thou couldst some merit ever see;
And well I know thy generous praise,
Gave inspiration oft to me.

So take, dear friend, each simple rhyme
And scan it with thy kind brown eyes,
In memory of the olden time
Which in our hearts so deeply lies.



RALLYING SONG.

Have you heard the awful story, that sweeps onward thro' the
years,
Of the little children's hunger, and of wives' and mothers' tears—
How the dramshop like a spider spreads its web for careless feet,
With its brilliant lights and music, and free lunch for all to eat?

CHORUS:

Yes, O voters, you have heard it,
And its truth you do not doubt;—
Will you vote as conscience bids you,
Will you vote the dram-shop out?
Fathers, will you—brothers, will you—
Will you vote the dram-shop out?

Have you heard how boys who enter, never gain man's full estate?
How they turn to idle loafers, with sweet home-love turned to
hate?

Have you heard how tender maidens with fair faces like a flower,
Have become like fallen angels, in the dram-shop's baleful power?

Have you heard how fathers often in saloons spend their last cent,
Then are driven out, or kicked out, when their money is all spent?
Have you heard how sometimes mothers rob their little ones of
bread—

Blight the lives of their own children, that the fire of drink be
fed?

Have you heard how noble statesmen put the wineglass to their
lips,

Lose their hold upon the rudder, and go down like foundered
ships?

Have you heard how this great Nation rests beneath the brewers'
thrall,

And unless the curse is lifted, must go reeling to the wall?

A MOTHER'S GETHSEMANE.

Sometimes, I think my life is near its end;
Then comes a pang that almost seems to rend
My very heart, and makes my brain turn wild,
At thought of leaving her, my fair-faced child,
My little girl, my Lydia, who hath been
Kept from all guile, and knowledge of all sin.

O, who would guide to womanhood her feet?
Could any fill the mother's place complete;
Counsel, and prune, and train with loving skill,
Watch, argus-eyed, the approach of every ill;
And when shafts aimed at her were tipped with woe,
Thrust her own heart between to take the blow?
None but a mother ever shields like this,
And wounds herself to give her darling bliss.

And I have taught her that the earth is fair,
That God is with us always—everywhere.
And now I question: World, has it been well
To her, naught of thy wickedness to tell?
Should I have told of ways of dark deceit,
How serpents lurk where flowers seem most sweet?

Thus warned, perhaps her steps would safer be,
At cost of childish trust, so sweet to see.
Simplicity and faith to her belong,
Her life is like a gently flowing song;
An angel might walk with her undefiled,
So pure she is—my precious little child—
Of such God's kingdom is—so I will trust
That it is better not to plant distrust.

If I must go, I'll leave her pure and sweet
As a day lily, blossoming at my feet,
And say unto the world: Be just, be true
To this white blossom, fresh with morning dew—
And as you deal with her, God deal with you.

TO A PLEASANT "DOORYARD" CALLER.

(MRS. J. A. D.)

Sweet, kindly face that did an instant dawn
Upon my sight, then quickly was withdrawn,
Your kind eyes left a mem'ry, in my heart,
Which, day or night, will nevermore depart.

We met a moment 'neath a spreading tree
Where sunlight sifted through on you and me;
You brought me back my gentle mother's smile,
And brightened life for me a little while.

Such transitory meetings seem to me
Foretaste of heaven and immortality,
When souls will meet and recognition show,
Nor ask "Where met we, on the earth, below?"

HIS CURLS.

I never could have guessed it, if I had tried for years,
The cause of all your sorrow, and all these sobs and tears;—
And now I ask, in candor,—and bid you answer, fair—
If 'tisn't like a baby, to cry about this hair?
He just despised those ringlets, and begged to have them shred—
Without a bit of sentiment—from off his boyish head.
A boy will be a boy you know, in spite of kilts and curls;
And never likes to be a mark for teasing boys and girls.

Now all your son's bright ringlets, as treasures, you may hold;
More precious, in the years to come, than heaps of shining gold.
And I may sit beside you, and tender pity show;
For I remember such a grief—O, many years ago.
I have some sunny ringlets, I've treasured all these years,
Sometimes I hold them in my hands, and gaze on them thro' tears;
Wishing the head that wore them, was safe upon my breast,
Untroubled by the cares of life—as in his childhood blest.

TO A SOLDIER IN 1862.

(With likeness of the author.)

This likeness I now send to you, dear cousin in the field,
Hoping that in your lonely hours, some pleasure it may yield;
I send it—not because the brow has aught of beauty's trace,
And not because the form's endowed with symmetry or grace:—
For well I know no beauty dwells in the unspeaking eye;
There is no power to chain the gaze, or raise a lover's sigh.

But oft to earth's sad wand'ring ones, afar from childhood scenes,
The slightest thing that speaks of home, may call up pleasant
dreams;

A rock, a tree, a rushing stream, a cloud, a bird, a flower,
The song a mother used to sing, may each possess that power.

O, then, perhaps, when far away, where watch-fires faintly gleam,
This picture of an absent friend, may bring a pleasant dream,
And burnishing the time-dimmed links of mem'ry's golden chain,
Scenes that are dearest to your heart, you may live o'er again.

TO THE CRITICS OF JAY GOULD.

O, how brave you all have grown
Since he lies like chiselled stone;
Brave to criticise his ways—
Brave to speak in his dispraise—
Brave your petty spites to wreak—
Brave to smite a dead man's cheek.

Cowards, all your tongues were still
When, with mighty brain and will,
In your midst he moved and breathed.—
Then your lips with smiles were wreathed;
Fawning, cringing where he trod
As if he were demigod.

Those he cherished tenderly
Mourn for him—mourn bitterly—
And you dip each vampire beak
In their living hearts, to wreak
Censure, with hyena breath,
On a lion, cold in death.

DESPAIR.

There's a gloomy, narrow valley, overhung by mountain walls;
Where a moisture drips like teardrops, where no sunshine ever
falls.

There no song-bird seeks a covert, but the maniac laugh of owls
Is shrieked back, in wild derision, at the hungry wolf that howls.
There the dead are never buried, but e'er lie with open eyes,
Where they sank down, sick and hopeless, with blank faces to the
skies.

White-lipped wretches wander aimless, with sad eyelids droop-
ing down—

Heeding not the ills around them, caring naught for smile or
frown.

Life holds victory nor failure—death seems neither gain nor loss.
Fall upon them O, ye mountains! Hide them neath the rocks and
moss.

Rouse and flee, despondent mortals, rend your garments, tear
your hair—

Any frenzy would seem better than this sullen-faced despair.
Rush from out the stricken valley! Just beyond the girding height,
All the world is clothed with beauty, and the sun is shining bright.
Pity them O, loving Father! One bright vista heavenward ope;
Even tho' luring to deceive them, send one blessed gleam of hope.

WHEN LANES WERE PURPLE WITH MICHAELMAS DAISIES.

When lanes were purple with Michaelmas daisies
And brown-eyed Susans danced in the glade,
To the earth there came a lovelier blossom—
A beautiful brown-eyed baby maid.

And the earth grew fairer and strangely brighter
Wherever her gentle footsteps strayed.—
Wife, mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother—
Still she is mild as the brown-eyed maid.

And kindred and neighbors, with fond caressings,
Throng round her on this, her natal day,
Wishing her joy and multifold blessings,
When purple asters are nodding gay.

Sept. 15, 1902.

TO MRS. C. S.

Who gave me a pair of pillow cases, very nicely made by
her own industrious hands.

When on my pillow I recline,
This lovely handiwork of thine
Will make bright visions fill my brain;
I'll dream that I am young again;
That thou and I with dancing feet,
Make light of every care we meet.
That o'er us still bend Spring-time skies,
And tears are strangers to our eyes.
That grief and age are far away,
And we still live in youth's bright day.
Thus will this Christmas gift, my friend,
Bring pleasant dreams, till life shall end.

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.

There is always praise for the worker who toils in the cold or heat,
Till his wonderful undertaking is ended and all complete.
And for him is the consolation of one, who at set of sun,
Wipes the beads of sweat from his forehead, rejoicing in work
 well done.

But if he in his proud ambition, in his deed, his word, his thought,
While striving for grand achievement, in the Master's name has
 wrought,
Then wider, and ever widening, shall spread the works of his
 hand,
Till the righteous seed he has planted, shall flourish in ev'ry land.

And after endeavor so earnest, there awaits the sure reward
Of a home in the Father's mansion, prepared by our gracious
 Lord.

And reward for him who has given, e'en a cup of water cold,
To refresh the laborers, weary, our Father will not withhold.

TRAILING ARBUTUS.

My darling, the first wild blossom, that looks for a sky of blue,
I send across a thousand miles, to bear a message to you;
It had hidden deep in mosses, under north Wisconsin pines,
When storms of winter were raging, and chilling ferns and vines.

But its pale pink face was lifted at the first faint call of Spring,
Pushing above the withered leaves—a dainty, fragrant thing—
Like a bright, glad hope upspringing and spurning each hindering
 leaf

It seemed like a young heart singing “O, life is too short for
 grief.”

New hopes shall cover the dead hopes, and bloom like this fair
 flower,

Made sweeter and brighter, my loved one, by every winter shower.

OUT OF THE SHADOWS.

(To Mrs. Annie C.)

Tonight, while reading your poem
Of our schooldays far away,
I forgot our wrinkled faces—
Forgot that our locks are gray.
The lamp burned low, and the shadows
Lay darkly on floor and wall;
And again dear schoolmates' voices
Were ringing a merry call.

And there stepped from out the shadows
Kind Ellen, in stately guise,
And Susan, the loved and loving,
And Louise, with calm blue eyes,
Yourself, and beautiful Mary
Seemed standing about me here;
And voices of happy schoolmates
Fell softly upon my ear.

Fell soft as the distant message
Sweeps swiftly the wires along;
The speech was broken with laughter
And merry snatches of song.
The faces with smiles were beaming,
The hands were dimpled and white
That gleamed from the dusky shadows,
On my vision clear and bright.

And with arms outstretched I called them
And prayed they might not depart;
But they passed back into shadows
While the tears sprang up from my heart.—
May we meet again, O, schoolmates,
Beyond life's shadows gray;
And be glad with the old time gladness
In light of eternal day.

THE CANDLEMAS BIRTHDAY.

Stretching and growling, a rough old bear
Sauntered out from his winter lair
To see if the weather were foul or fair.

When flash! on his eyes fell such a light
He thought old Sol was shining bright,
But lo! It was only a child in white.

He thought his shadow, dark and grim,
Was a giant bruin threatening him;
So he turned back into his cavern dim.

And for six long weeks he will tarry there,
In all that time he will not dare
To thrust his head outside his lair.

But she, herself, doesn't know today,
What a joke her sunshine made her play
On poor old bruin, gaunt and gray.

And the Candlemas baby's sunny face
Lights all our hearts with her winsome grace,
Making shadows flee to their hiding place.

TO CORA.

I send you a greeting, Cora dear, upon your birthday morn.
It was a lucky star that ruled the hour that you were born.
Do you know I have the gypsy's art a fortune fair to tell?
You need not cross my palm with gold, your smile will do as well.

I have studied stars, and moon, and sun, and beaus of promise too,
And find among them a manly heart, that beats alone for you.
You must listen very, very close, if the name you wish to hear—
It wouldn't do to speak aloud, lest it reach some other ear.

His name is—Yes, his name it is—Ah! I see by the downcast eye
And blush that lights the sweet young cheek, you know it better
than I.

The only clouds are like those we see in the bright blue summer
sky,
You scarce can feel their shadow, dear, they float so very high.

Don't mind the little trials of life, they'll pass like morning dew—
A pleasant home, with love and peace, is in the future for you.
Now, if my fortune telling gift falls short of the gypsy's art,
It has one advantage over theirs, it springs from wish of my heart.

HOME ON A FURLOUGH.

Home on a furlough! Hurrah, boys!
I'm off this very night!
Tho' 'twill be but a day that I can stay,
It will make my heart more light.
My mother's kiss will fall, boys,
In blessing upon my brow;
She will clasp my hand, with pleasure bland;
I fancy I see her now.

Farewell, for a day, to the camp, boys!
Farewell to the reveille!
I shall wake to the sound of household tones,
Tomorrow brings bliss to me.
My father will bless me again, boys,
And bid me be true and brave
As my grandsire who fell on Bunker's hill
And sleeps in a patriot's grave.

And my sister, with cheek like a rose, boys,
And mirth in her merry blue eye,
I shall meet at the door, she will smile as of yore—
But she'll weep at the sad "good bye."
And another—not a sister—boys,
Will greet me with tones of love—
The tears welling up, from her heart's deep cup,
Will tell how faithful she'll prove.

November, 1861.

ELECTION DAY.

Brother, now's the fateful hour,
When you hold with princely power,
In your hand a living voice
That can make the world rejoice;
Standing now in God's own sight,
Will you let it speak for RIGHT?
Say to spirit partisan,
"Get behind me, evil one!"
And with conscience take your stand
"For God and Home and Native Land."

What is silver—what is gold
Weighed against the crimes untold,
That are wrought throughout the land
By the liquor-frenzied hand?
Do not hesitate today—
Vote, O Christian, as you pray,
Lay old parties on the shelf;
Rise above your very self;
Nobly, grandly, firmly stand
For God and Home and Native Land.

Ere your ballot you decide,
Pause, and think of God defied—
Think of homes despoiled by drink;
Of the nation's welfare think—
Think of broken-hearted wives;
Think of children's blighted lives;
Think of mothers with white lips,
Praying for their human ships,—
Cast your vote with honest hand
For God and Home and Native Land.

POEM

(Read at dedication of the City Hall in Sun Prairie.)

O, stately structure! fair as queenly bride,
We citizens—with pardonable pride—
Accept thee, our own noble CITY HALL,—
Welcomed with joyful hearts, by one and all.

Thy open doors hold forth a welcome gay
To all who wish to enter here today.
Many and varied shall thy uses be—
But from base uses be thou ever free.

Thy walls shall echo to forensic skill;
Lectures be uttered that will teach and thrill.—
Here, ever ready, shall the Power stand
To stay the fire fiend's red malignant hand.

Thy vault shall hold secure the public treasure;
Thy halls give echo to the rhythmic measure
Of swiftly glancing, lightly dancing feet,
While corridors shall ring with music sweet.

Here shall sit Justice, with blindfolded eyes,
Unbribed by gold—unmoved by Pity's cries—
And the wrong-doer here shall stand in awe,
To take just sentence from the hand of Law.

Whate'er his crime—whate'er his sentence be—
O, may it be a means to set him free
From evil ways, and turn his footsteps right,
To walk in paths of virtue, truth and light.

And may we stand, before our Maker's eyes,
Pure as thou seemest, 'neath November skies;
Aspiring heavenward, like thy lofty tower;
Spotless as thou, this dedication hour.

A HEAD-REST.

(For Mother Ellis, who had previously given me a set of dishes,
decorated with poppies.)

From Christmas-time to Christmas-time, and Christmas-time
again,

In every meal upon my board, whether 'twas rich or plain,
There has looked from plate and cup, a flower that spoke of rest,
The poppy, holding gift of sleep—of all good gifts, the best—
Two years I've fed from poppy flowers, through kindness of your
hand,

So, now in drowsiness I write—but you will understand.—

Since thro' your love I've rested well, I wish return to make;
So beg that you, this Christmas time, my little gift will take.
A "head-rest" strewn with poppies bright, to hang upon your
chair—

Leaning against it, may you doze, forgetful of all care,
And dream that all earth's blessings, bright, that fled while they
were sweet,
Are with you still; and making smooth life's pathway for your
feet.

TO A FRIEND IN WINTER.

I sit tonight beside the glowing fire,
The winter winds are shrieking high and higher;
Across the marsh they sweep with angry roar,
Heaping great drifts of snow about my door.
I care not for their menace or their gloom,
Or that they keep me pris'ner in my room,
For mem'ry stands between me and bleak hours—
My heart is with the summer and the flowers.

In fancy I am strolling thro' the wood,
With thy dear voice dispelling solitude:
Seeking wild flowers within their shy retreat
Where dainty ferns are nodding round our feet.
I hear again the cry of glad surprise,
As flowers or gaudy insects meet our eyes;
I see the slanting sunbeams thro' the trees
Warning us homeward, like the laden bees.

With laugh, and chat, and snatches of glad song
The homeward path we loit'ring wend along:
Gaining the quiet home, with garnered store,
We merrily rehearse our ventures o'er.
So may it be with life, my treasured friend,
May beams, aslant from heaven, proclaim the end:
And we, with garnered friendship, near the Throne,
Meet and rehearse the pleasures we have known.

January 1, 1881.

JULY 4TH, 1881.

Should loyal lips or hearts be dumb
When freemen round our standard rally—
When cannons' mouths shout Liberty
From cliff to sea, from hill to valley—
When not a slave, upon our soil,
Cringes beneath our star-lit banner?
No! Let all voices proudly join
In one triumphant, grand hosanna.

Let each heart drop its private sorrow,
And to our country's altar bring,
This day, our Nation's day, in gladness,
Its yearly, loyal offering.
Look up to where our honored banner
Lifts its proud stars against the sky
And know, to keep it there unsullied,
Columbia's sons would gladly die.

Praise humble mothers, pure and loyal,
Who trained this patriotic host
To love the flag and constitution;
Free homes, free schools, free men, our boast.
Who aims a blow at Freedom's standard,
To overthrow with treacherous hand,
Wins but a grave of ignominy,
His name a by-word in the land.

Praise the small band of fearless Pilgrims,
Praise signers of the "Declaration,"
Praise patriot hearts, that gave their blood,
To make and keep us a free nation;
Praise God who gave to Right the triumph,
And thro' our broad, exultant lands
Let every hamlet, town and city
Ring with the cheers of patriot bands.

HE HAS BEEN DRINKING AGAIN

“He has been drinking again,” she sighed,
And a look of grief and pain
Crept o’er her face as she spoke the words,
He has been drinking again.
She had kept a nervous watch all day,
And her eyes were quick to note
The unsteady step with which he came,
And a sob was in her throat.

CHORUS

He has been drinking—drinking again—
O, words of sorrow and pain—
Can any words be sadder than these:
“He has been drinking again.”

He had sober been for many days,
And clearer had grown his brain—
Today the tempter had conquered him,
He had been drinking again.
The sinking down of the rising hope,
And the anxious grief and care
O’erflowing that faithful woman’s heart
Was a fearful load to bear.

She had hoped in spite of cruel doubts—
She had prayed in vain—in vain;
The words were wrung from her breaking heart:
“He has been drinking again.”
O, mother, daughter, sister, and wife,
Who anxiously watch at night;
God keep your loved ones from tempter’s snares
When they are out of your sight.

GO TO BAILEY'S.

An advertisement for the Bailey Music Co.

Would you make the stars to sing—
Would you make the spheres to ring
Or draw music from a string?

Go to Bailey's.

There the flute and viol wait,
Grand pianos stand in state;
Organs, too, that none can mate,
Are at Bailey's.

First class instruments they sell,
Wherein melody doth dwell—
Better things than I can tell
Are at Bailey's.

Songs or waltzes by the sheet,
New or old, or grand or sweet—
Everything you'll find complete
There at Bailey's.

They will treat you square and white,
For their prices all are right,
Never soaring out of sight,
There at Bailey's.

Try them once and you'll agree
That the truth's been told by me.
Don't stand doubting—go and see!
Go to Bailey's.

LINES.

To the generous friends who gave me an unabridged dictionary and a
beautiful bouquet of roses.

Kind friends and neighbors, you might, fitly, think
That when you gave of words such amplitude,
I might select therefrom a graceful few
To speak my thanks, and deep-felt gratitude.

Vainly I've tried—I can not search them out,
And I have glanced the dictionary through.
The strongest words seem far too weak to tell
The inmost feelings of my heart for you.

The flowers will wither, but their message, sweet,
Will linger with me to my latest day;
And crimson roses with their hearts of gold
Will speak to me of you, dear friends, always.

Your friendship is like famed Bethesda's pool,
After an angel gave it power to heal,
Who bathes therein feels hope spring up anew,
And faith and life along the pulses steal.

FINIS.

I had a hope—one only—only one;
Toward it I leaned as flower toward the sun.
All my desires, all pride and all ambition
Were naught—I waited this one hope's fruition;
It was my moon by night; my sun by day;
My heart's petition, when I knelt to pray.
I saw no cause why it should be denied—
I would, for its fulfillment, glad have died;
And if fulfilled it held no germ of wrong;
'Twas pure, 'twas sweet, and O, sublimely strong.
With that hope dead, I knew my life would be,
Forevermore, like a lightning-stricken tree.—
God pity me! The hope so grand, so sweet,
Lies here before me, shattered at my feet.

Stories and Songs

— **For** —

Young People.

FOR ANNIE'S SCRAP-BOOK

Dear Annie, 'twas with pleased surprise,
I saw your deftly garnered sheaf
Of homely rhymes dropped from my hand,—
Sometimes in joy, sometimes in grief.

Others had flung them by as weeds,
Unworthy of a gleaner's hand;
And why you treasure them as flowers,
Dear child, I scarcely understand.

I care not for the great world's blame;
I do not seek its gold nor praise;
I'd rather dwell in children's hearts,
And sing for them my simple lays.

The fairest flower that I can give
Is not so sweet as your kind face,
With its pure look of innocence,
Bespeaking modest, childish grace.

But I have searched my heart and found
A flower, in a sunny spot;
I pray you, bind it in your sheaf,
It is a true forget-me-not.



BARNARDO.*

(Read at a Sunday school rally in 1904.)

Little children, will you listen while I briefly tell to you
The story of Barnardo great, each word of which is true?
Good Barnardo lives in London, and his life-work is to save
Little ones from ways of peril—from becoming Satan's slave.
In the slums of that great city, where children swarm like flies;—
Never learning of the Savior, nor the home beyond the skies;—
There Barnardo and his helpers seek the little waifs of crime;
Take them from their vicious parents—O, it is a work sublime!

In the lowest haunts of evil, nearly forty years he's been,
Gathering the friendless children, keeping them from ways of sin.
More than fifty thousand children have been rescued by his hand,
From the noisome, dirty alleys, making them a happy band.
He has taught them life's best honors can be won by honest toil;
Taught them self-respect is noble—how to keep their souls from
soil;
Taught them of the blest Redeemer—found a Christian home for
each;
Kept a loving watch upon them, always holding them in reach.

Not since Jesus blest the children, saying, "Let them come to me,"
Has there been such friend of childhood, as that man across the sea.
Tho' he has no earthly riches, yet good people of all lands,
Send him pennies, dimes and dollars, and their prayers make
strong his hands.
Pray for him, O, little children, he sees many weary hours,
While he strives to bring God's kingdom nearer to this world of
ours.—

*Dr. Thomas Barnardo, an Irishman of Spanish descent, went to London in 1867 to study medicine, preparatory to becoming a missionary to China. Soon after his arrival in London he became interested in the friendless children of the slums, and immediately decided that his missionary work should be done in that great wicked city. During the thirty-seven years following, Dr. Barnardo with his organization rescued 50,781 street waifs, and found employment and comfortable homes for all and made respectable citizens of nearly all of them.—(William E. Curtis' Letters.)

Try to be like him in goodness; try to bring all children in
To the Sunday school, dear children; coax them from their ways
of sin.

There is always joy in heaven, when a child forsakes its sin,
And the gate stands always ready to receive the loved ones in.
When the men who run the bar-rooms, the dance hall and
gambling den

Have gone down to graves dishonored, and forgotten are by men,
Then the world will still remember and will bless Barnardo's name,
Where it stands amid the honored, on the deathless roll of fame;
And the stars that crown his forehead shall be brighter than the
sun.

When Barnardo's work is ended and the Master says, "WELL
DONE."

THE BABY BOY.

I have seen him—I have seen him, I have kissed his baby brow;
All the muses hover round me and they bid me, "Write! Write
now!"

Oh, I have a prophet's vision, since I've looked in his bright eyes,
All the glories of the future in a dream before me rise.

I behold him in his manhood, pure of purpose, grand and bold;
But the future should be hidden—not a secret I'll unfold.
Let the mother build her castles, lighted by hope's brightest beams,
But the grace of God can make them fairer than her fairest dreams;
Mother hands may lay foundations, where the structure shall be
set,
Ned's own deeds will make the beauty of the arch and minaret.

A MODERN HIAWATHA'S WOOING.

One of the costliest brands of chewing tobacco is called "Hiawatha." In the following lines an attempt is made to show how this modern Hiawatha woos the boys to spend their dimes and then their dollars for love of him.

This is Hiawatha's wooing—
Hiawatha, softly suing —
Wooing not a gentle maiden,
Whose shy heart with love is laden;
No, he's wooing fathers, brothers,
Wooing boys to shame their mothers.
Telling them in ways caressing
That he surely is a blessing!
Pleading softly, "Try me, try me,
Try me once—and you'll stand by me,
'Tho' at first your cheek may pale
And your tender stomach quail—
Men know no such word as "fail"—
Be a man or be a snail.

I will give you pleasant fancies,—
Life is full of sweet romances;—
I will make your toil seem lighter,
I will make your spirits brighter.—
See the great men of the nation,
'Twas thro' me they won their station!
'Tho' the women say they doubt it—
What can women know about it?
Gum is good enough for them!
Hiawatha is for MEN!
In your spirit I can see
You are just the boy for me;
You're no milk sop, you're no girl
Who would cry o'er fire-singed curl—
You will be a man, I know,
That can give back blow for blow—

Try me—try me, just this once,
Surely you're no silly dunce.
Just a namby—pamby thing
Tied to mother's apron string.
Why, I've seen a father swear
At his boy and pull his hair;—
Rolling his own quid about,
Spitting floods of brown juice out—
Just because his boy could see
There is something good in ME—
Wasn't he a blamed old hoax
Thus to treat his little folks?
Wanted all good things himself,
Placed them high upon the shelf.
Aint that plain as A. B. C.?
Say, my boy, twixt you and me,
Prove it—see if 'tish't so!
Try me—try me—then you'll know."

Now you've listened to my wooing.
Can't you stand a little spewing?
Can't you bear two whirls, or three,
Of your stomach, just for me?
Bravo! That's a hero's smile!—
(Keep from mother's sight a while)—
And tomorrow try again!
Bravo! You're almost a man!

* * *

Boys, don't listen to his wooing,
He will compass your undoing;
Not a single word of truth
Does he speak to any youth.
He will make your muscles shrivel,
He will make you drool and drivel,
He will make you his own slave,
He will goad you to the grave.

If you try him, you will see
You have had the truth from me.
Once I saw a famous statue
Of a hapless little child;
He to sea-girt rock was clinging,
And his eyes were horror-wild.
Downward his right arm extended,
Held as in a serpent's fold;
While the anguish on his features
By my pen can not be told.
O, the struggle superhuman,
Portrayed in that childish form,
While a devil fish was coiling
Round his sturdy, helpless arm.
Who so brave as try to save him?
'Twould require a spirit bold;
For the fish had arms, a dozen,
Seeking victims to enfold.
One must strike with sword or halberd,
Cut the tentacles in twain;
If the struggling little urchin
Ever sees his home again.
Listen boys, I tell you truly,
That your fate will sure be such,
If false Hiawatha, ever,
Gets you in his demon clutch.
He will drag you downward, downward;
He'll disarm you in the strife,
Snatch the sword of WILL you carry,
Make a failure of your life.

THE DRUNKARD'S BOY.

I think I'm dying, mama, but you need not keep awake;
You've watched so long and constantly, you're wearied for my
sake.—

I will not be lonely, mama, so please lie down and rest;
I shall not need my pillow turned, and the pain has left my breast.
Yes, I know that I am dying—I am almost glad to go—
But it seems too sad to leave you when you are weeping so.
I will not be lonely, mama—the room is filled with light—
There are faces at the window, sweet faces calm and white.

That is not the wind, dear mama, sweeping through the broken
pane,
And that tapping on the window surely is not drops of rain—
'Tis the angels! 'Tis the angels, they are close beside me now;
I feel their gentle kisses upon my cheek and brow.
Listen, mama, they are saying, "Little Freddie, there is room
Up among the angel children, little Freddie, come, O come!"

If papa could only hear them and could see their faces bright,
He perhaps would leave the bar-room and would hurry home
tonight.
I shall never hear at daybreak his unsteady step again;
His harsh words and cruel beating never more will give me pain.
I have thought sometimes, dear mama, if the angels could but see
They would wake in papa's bosom, tender love for you and me.

And perhaps when morning brings him and he finds you here alone
He will say no harsh words, mama, but will speak in gentle tone.
If he weeps then tell him kindly, that I wished with dying breath
He would drink no more nor gamble, and would meet me after
death;

If you think t'would make him angry, then leave it all unsaid,
And say I wished he'd sometimes come to the grave of little Fred.
When you're standing there together, angels may be hovering o'er
Who will whisper something to him, that will make him love
you more.

Perhaps I'll know in Heaven, when you're weeping sadly here;
May be, my spirit then can come, your grieving heart to cheer.
If so, I'll stay so close to you all thro' the long dark night,
You will feel that I am near you until breaks the morning light.
I thank you, poor tired mama, for your patient care and love;
And I'll tell the Saviour of it, when I meet him up above.
But I need your care no longer, so please lie down and sleep—
Good-by, papa,—good-by, mama—let me kiss you—do not weep.

TEACHING THE TEACHER.

The sun thro' the schoolhouse window streamed down over desk
and seat,
Like an airy golden stairway, for the angels' shining feet;
And the roguish lads and lassies, as by two and two they sat
Were playing the quaint "bean porridge" with pit-a-pat—pat-pat-
pat.
And one, wearing home-spun garments, and never a ribbon band,
With a face like a fair, wild flower, fresh-blown from the Maker's
hand
Sat in the light of the window where the sunbeams slanted down
Lighting with tender radiance, her beautiful curls of brown.

The hazel eyes of the teacher dwelt long on the sweet young face
Then he went where she was sitting and said with tact and grace
"Can you teach the old game, Mary, the others are playing now?
I used to play it years ago—I have quite forgotten how."
"O, yes," she answered "I know it, just as well, as well can be.
It's first with right hand, then the left, like this—and this—you
see."

While the little hands uplifted, dainty and dimpled and fat
Against the teacher's soft white palms went pit-a-pat—pat-pat-pat.

He proved a very apt pupil, the lesson was quickly taught;
Meanwhile, he learned another one, with more importance fraught,
For a-down the sunbeam stairway came an angel form unseen
And changed his heart of pity, into love and crowned its queen.
Thro' the afternoon recitals, he almost dreamily sat
And his heart seemed keeping the rythm of pit-a-pat—pat-pat-pat.
When the term of school was ended, not among the list was read
Her name as winning premium for "leaving off at the head."

But the prize for "good behaviour" was won by the orphan girl.
She rose, and from her forehead pushed back a clustering curl,
And said "Please give the premium to good little Johnny Grout,
I am sure he would have won it, had not sickness kept him out.
He never failed in his lessons; nor disobeyed any rule;
Nor whispered without permission, whenever he came to school—
I have a bible my mother gave me on her dying bed—
Well-worn, 'tis true, for every day, since then, it has been read."

So the prize of a dainty Bible, in beautiful velvet bound,
Its silver clasp bedecked with pearl, in Johnny's hand was found.
The teacher stayed in the schoolroom, till the stars began to rise
Wond'ring if she would as freely give to him a coveted prize.
That eve in the old red farmhouse, where she led her servant life
He sought, and won the promise that gave him a Christian
wife.

"Twas long ago, yet oft he says to the grandchild on his knee,
"The noblest lessons of my life my pupil taught to me."

A STORY FOR CHILDREN'S DAY.

Dear mamma, I called the school girls in, and showed them my
new silk gown—

They all declared it the "sweetest" dress that ever was in this
town,

A beautiful dress they all declared—only hateful Annie Dean—
She wouldn't say a word of praise, she's so envious and mean.

The girls all held it up to the light to see it shimmer and shine
And every one said she wished she had a dress as lovely as mine.
I showed them my beads from uncle John, pearl beads as white
as milk,

And showed my dainty, beautiful hat, with roses of scented silk.

I shall wear them first on Children's Day; we all new dresses will
wear;

We asked Annie Dean about her gown; she said she might not be
there.

The girls were pleased with my pretty dress—if it was for me—
not them;

But Annie reached out one finger tip, and barely touched the hem.
Tears filled her eyes—she sobbed out loud—then turned and hur-
ried away.

And Maude Jones said "Miss Ann you'll die of envy some fine
day!"

Maude twisted her mouth, and tipped her head, and said it so
cute and queer,

We girls laughed out, but Annie went on, pretending she didn't
hear.

She always wears faded calico, the dingiest kind of brown—

I should think she'd have for Children's day, a neat white mus-
lin gown,

And gloves, and a pair of decent shoes, and a hat that's not a
fright,

But she seems to think it's quite enough if she says her lessons
right.

Her hair is a mass of yellow curls, but she has no taste, I guess,
For she ties them back with narrow strings, like her mamma's
blue print dress.

'Twas told at school what a dreadful place was the home of
Annie Dean

So all of us girls went there one noon—'tis the worst place ever
seen.

The floor was only white boards, mamma, without a carpet or rug;
But Annie said "Come in and see how my baby brother can
hug."

He hugged and kissed her, again and again, she called him dar-
ling, and pet,

But we girls all said, such a horrid place we never could forget.
Mrs. Dean was mending a ragged coat, and she didn't seem to
know

That she had no shoes upon her feet; and when we started to go,
Annie asked her mother if she should stay and mind the baby a
while.

Her mother kissed her as you kiss me, and answered "No" with
a smile.

She never takes a luncheon to school— we think she has nothing
to take—

I gave her an orange, I didn't want, and a piece of angel cake.
I don't see why they can't fix up nice, and have things pretty,
like ours;

They didn't have anything pretty there, except one bed of flowers.

* * *

Hush! hush! my daughter, I just have come from the home of
Annie Dean;

And O, it is the dreariest place, my eyes have ever seen!

I'd noticed Annie in Sunday school, in dresses faded and gray,

And thought I'd give her a better one to wear on children's day,

So a dainty dress, by you outgrown, and a hat with flowers gay,

And shoes and ribbons to tie her curls, I carried to her today,

And while I waited for her to come, to see if they fitted well;
A pale-faced man came to the door who had sad news to tell.

There had been an accident on the track—a fatal one—he said;
The cars had struck a little child—sweet Annie Dean was dead.
Her father in drunken stupor lay, like a log upon the floor;
Vainly they tried to awaken him, ere his child was brought to
the door.

Her mother groaned, but with firm white lips said: “Surely God
knows best—
Tho’ he’s taken from me my precious child, she’s safe on the Sa-
viour’s breast.”

It seemed that the pretty baby boy, on his restless little feet,
Had wandered off out toward the school, his sister Annie to meet.

And gathering up, with baby hands, some stone coal, shining
black,

Sat down, with never a thought of fear to play on the railroad
track;

And Annie seeing the baby there, saw also, with bated breath,
The “Lightning Express” dash round the curve, which would
crush the babe to death.

Upon the track, like a flash she sprung, and rescued the little
one;

But she was caught and hurled in the air,—and her patient life
was done.

Then rough hands brought her tenderly to the room where I
trembling stood—

No bruise was seen on the lovely face of the child so kind and
good.

We robed her form in the snow-white dress, and smoothed out the
silken curls:—

The joy of heaven seemed resting there, on the face as white as
pearls;

No flowers had they, to fill her hands, for the next-door neigh-
bor said,

Her father had cursed her for wasting time, and had trampled
her flower bed.

No flowers may bloom in a drunkard's home, for a blight, that is
worse than death,

Sweeps over it all—O, a fierce simoon, is the curse of the rum
fiend's breath.—

We will gather our very choicest flowers, and heap them over the
clay,

When they lay her in the peaceful grave, on the coming chil-
dren's day.

Each day in heaven is children's day, for He, who was free from
sin,

Said "Unless ye become as a little child, ye shall not enter in."
'Tis not because you're a better child than was little Annie Dean,
That you are dressed in costly robes, and she was clothed so
mean.

And tho' you may wear on children's day your beautiful dress of
silk,

And around your neck a costly string of pearls, as white as milk,
She will never stoop with finger tip to touch your garment's hem,
For the brow once shaded by rusty hat is lit by a diadem.

The beautiful robe her soul has donned, out-rivals your robe of
silk;

And the priceless pearl, that she has won, out-vies your pearls
like milk.

So darling, whenever you see a child in faded garments dressed,
Just think of the precious little ones, that the loving Saviour
blessed.

He never takes a thought, my dear, about the earthly dress,
But tenderly reaches out his hands each little child to bless.

He took them in his sheltering arms, caressing each precious
head—

And "Suffer the children to come to me, and forbid them not,"
He said.

REPENTANCE.

A dear little girl was sad today,
 She found no comfort in books or play;
She was naughty yesterday, 'twas said,
 And unkissed by papa, went to bed—
Went, with her tears and childish sin,
 To the silent land where dreams creep in.
Dreamed you, O little one, flushed but fair,
 That papa came softly, stooping there,
Kissing your brow and stroking your head
 With tears for each tear that you had shed?
O, surely you dreamed it not last night,
 Else your stubborn heart had melted quite.

You did not dream it, or you had been,
 Meekly repentant over your sin,
And asked for the pledge of love today,
 When kissing others he went away.
So stern he seemed, but you little knew
 That papa was sadder far than you.
You sullenly tried to put away
 Tender thoughts that were seeking sway.—
Books, pictures, toys, all seemed to prove
 His generous hand, his faithful love.—
And so the telephone heard you say
 Kind words to papa a mile away.

Words repentant, and loving and sweet,
 As of one who kneels at Jesus' feet;
And the pardon full so freely given,
 Turned my thoughts away from earth to heaven.
I thought of the joy too great to be told,
 When a truant seeks the shepherd's fold.—
Like as a father He pitieth then,—
 Not willingly grieves he the hearts of men;

His goodness I see in all, through all,
And meekly repentant, His name I call,
Saying Father, forgive my sins, I pray,
As this earthly father forgave today.



WHAT WILLIE NEEDS.

I think if I was Santa Claus, and had to carry toys
To all the children in the world—or, all good girls and boys—
I wouldn't go in winter time, with reindeer and a sleigh—
I'd get a big red automobile, and go sometime in May.

I would whizz up to the houses, and yell "Come out here, boys!
And take your pick of everything, among my splendid toys!"
Do you s'pose I'd choose a sled, or skates, a pony or a wheel?—
Not much!—The only thing I need, is a big red automobile.

TO CLAUDE.

(In His Prize Album.)

When I saw the light in your glad, blue eyes,
And your voice proclaimed "I've won the prize,"
My heart had an answering throb of joy,
That the school-boy's prize was yours, my boy;
And I thought—Will he win as years go by,
The prizes that earth holds proud and high?
Power, and love, and fame and gold,—
Will they be his, both to gain and hold?

He may live till his curls are like wreaths of snow
He may come to honor, and I not know;—
He may sink to the depths of infamy;—
Then grant, O God, that I may not see.
Nay, nay, grant not the wish, I pray;
Even then my love would remain his stay.
Whatever his course, be it good or ill,
Tho' my heart might break, I would love him still.
In the sin-stained man I should always see
The innocent babe upon my knee.

The mother-love is the same, for aye
In the gloom of night, or light of day;
And one blest trust I cherish still,—
As a mother pitieth, so God will.
He offers a prize that all may win
Who keep their feet from the paths of sin.
Compared with a starry crown, dear boy,
Each gift of earth is a senseless toy,
And O may the joy be yours, my son,
To enter the Kingdom and hear "Well done."

BABY GRACIE'S REBELLION.

They told her the story of Santa Claus,
Of his wonderful, wonderful pack;
How he comes down thro' the chimneys
With treasures upon his back.

How he gives good children bon-bons,
And dolls and beautiful toys,
While switches are put in the stockings
Of naughty girls and boys.

The large blue eyes said plainly,
As they roved from chimney to floor,
"There is sometin' wong 'bout Causa
Or he would tum in at the door."

In the mouth of a babe was wisdom,
And the dainty rebel spoke:
"Me don't want tandy and dollies
Tovered wiv ashes and 'moke."

She settled the matter shortly
And figured it very fine;
"Me don't want any Old Causa's fings,
Gaupa may give me mine."

There are older hearts, O Gracie,
That almost lose their trust,
When they think of their beautiful treasures
Covered with ashes and dust.

And O, may they have thy wisdom,
Their eyes in faith to lift
To the loving, grand All-father,
Who giveth no evil gift.

A POUND DONATION.

“Come to the Social!” The word went round,—

“Come one, come all, and bring a POUND.”

“A POUND? A POUND? A pound of what?”

Why, a pound of anything—cold or hot;—

A pound of pepper, of salt, of tea,

Or anything that will useful be;

A pound of cloth, that will shield from cold;

A pound of butter, that’s not too old;

A pound of poetry, if you choose

To listen to such a crazy muse.

If the pound you’ve chosen looks mean or small

Just add some other one—that is all—

For none will grumble if you should bring

Ten pounds, or fifty, of anything.

Bring a pound of stockings for little feet,

And a pound of bon bons nice and sweet;

Don’t stand and question, and study, and say

“WHAT pound costs LEAST in the shops to-day?”

But buy a pound, cost it more, or less—

That will help some brother to happiness.

And don’t forget while searching round

That “twenty shillings make one pound.”

No matter if copper, or silver, or gold,

You can make it ten, or twenty fold.

“Who takes this pounding?” The parson, sure;

Who, else, could pounding so well endure?

Well, pound him with apples, dry or green,

With berries, and spices, and cottolene;

And sugar, and sausage, and lard and flour;

Let the parcels fall in a goodly shower.

Fling pounds of love without alloy

And do not weigh them by table of Troy.

Hurl pounds of gratitude at his head,
For the good true words that he has said;—
And tenderly scatter around his feet—
With low humility pure and sweet—
Pounds of regret if we have strown
In his pathway thorns or stumbling stone.—
Let us seek to fill his heart with cheer
To help him on through the coming year,
While we earnestly pray, with right good will,
That the field be fruitful which he shall till;—
That the harvest shall be a gracious one;—
That the Master and Judge may say “Well done.”

BABY ALICE.

You dainty piece of impudence,
Enthroned upon my knee,
Come, tell me why you chose to make
A grandmother of me.
Did you not know that grandmothers
Are always kind and wise;
That they can read your very thoughts
When looking in your eyes?
That lines of poetry are traced
Across their foreheads fair,
In many graceful curves and lines,
Wrote by the hand of care?
That they have shoulders bent by age,
And locks of silver gray;
And sit in cushioned rocking chairs
Crooning to babes all day?

I cannot learn their ways, dear child,—
 I never gained the art
Of keeping pockéts stocked with toys
 To soothe a baby's heart.
Nor just what weeds I ought to steep—
 What herbs to keep on hand.
Do angel-whispers make you smile
 As I have always thought?
Or is it as old ladies claim
 Those smiles are colic wrought?
And when you cry, O precious one,
 I don't know what to do;
I pat your back and wish I knew
 The language of "Ah Goo."

Some power has made me understand,
 For this is what you say:
"I didn't want a dranmuzzer
 All bented, old and gway,
I wanted one to toss me up,
 And laugh and sing and play,
One 'at could walk and walk and walk
 And carry me all day.
I'd razzer 'oo would still believe
 Ze angels make me smile,
Nen 'oo won't div me tatnip tea
 Nor bitter tamomile.
I wanted 'oo just as 'oo are,
 Betause I love 'oo so;
And we will be the bestest friends
 For 'oo love me, I know.
Now dear old dranma, lift me up,
 And fold me warm and tight
And take a gentle swing-swing gait,
 We'll walk ze floor all night."

A BONNET SOCIAL.

At this entertainment each lady took an untrimmed hat or bonnet with material for trimming. These bonnets were dealt out promiscuously to the gentlemen, who trimmed them according to their own masculine fancies. And for this pleasure each gentleman milliner paid the price of two supper tickets and enjoyed the privilege of escorting to supper the young lady who wore his idea of a proper head-gear. The ladies certainly made a grotesque appearance at the table.

Please, gentlemen, give us your kindly attention,
We think we've a grievance that's worthy of mention.
We ladies have worn, from time out of mind,
On top of our heads a thing of some kind.
We are not to blame, for it was not our plan
And we really don't know how the fashion began:
But we think, very likely, when Eve left her place
She glanced all around, with a grief-stricken face,
And pulled from an ostrich a snowy white plume,
From a rooster a feather, and a rose in full bloom,
And many more trifles, herself to remind
Of the beautiful pets she was leaving behind.
The trunks, very likely, were full to the brim;
And Adam—of course she would not bother him
To fill up his pockets with trifles like these—
For a man in those days wasn't easy to please.—
So, deftly she twined them above her fair brow,
And made the first bonnet as women do now.
If such were the case, no doubt Adam began
To harp about bonnets, just like any man,
And he hasn't a son, I'll venture to say,
But keeps up the custom, right down to this day.
We've been frowned at and scolded, and lectured in prose,
And sneered at in rhyme, every live woman knows;
We've been told that our hats were too large or too small;
That the heads they "protected" had no sense at all,
Or we never would take just a flower, and a feather,
Some straw and some ribbon and stick them together,
And think that our heads were quite properly clad
To go out of doors in good weather or bad.

We have tried every way we could think of to please,
 But every new effort has started a breeze;
 If they shaded our faces, you ealled 'em too big,
 And if we reduced them you gave us a "dig."
 When you sit 'round and talk of fashion and folly,
 And roll up your eyes, in a way melancholy,
 We know you are aiming a blow at our bonnet—
 At the blue jay, the bug, or the dagger upon it.
 We have tried all the "odds and ends" upon earth,
 But you've ridiculed all, with nonsensical mirth.
 We have rifled the crow, and the dove, of a wing,
 But even at these you must, needs, make a fling.
 A piece of rope halter we've gilded, you know,
 And twirled it and twisted it into a bow;
 And snakes artificial we've cunningly curled
 Where laces and ribbons were charmingly furled,
 We've made them of straw, of silk and of leather,
 Of paper, and broad cloth, and all these together,
 Of velvet, of satin, of yarn and of thread,
 And know each and all sat with grace on the head;
 We've trimmed them with beads, and flowers wet with dew,
 With beetles, dead birds and caterpillars too—
 But no matter how tasty the trimming upon it
 Some masculine friend "puts a bee in our bonnet."
 We are downright discouraged, we certainly are,
 And we'll trim no more bonnets, we will not—so—there!
 You shall trim them yourselves—ev'ry love of a bonnet—
 And we'll wear it, we will, no matter what's on it.—
 So come, all ye fathers, ye husbands, and brothers,
 And lovers, and cousins, and all of the others,
 We'll give you a chancee just to show us the way
 A bonnet to trim that will do for today,
 And tomorrow, next week and ten years to come,
 Which will answer for church, and to wear around home.
 We vow that we'll wear it, no matter how rough,
 Till every fault-finder shall cry "long enough."

MAY BASKET FAIRIES.

When out in the quiet, dusky street,
I hear the rush of scurrying feet,
And smothered laughter, low and sweet;
 I know the fairies are out at night,
 And I strain my eyes to catch a sight
 Of their happy faces, fresh and bright.

But tho' expectant, I sit and wait,
Watchful as Argus, and still as fate;
Unnoticed they creep inside my gate,
 And drop at my door their floral gold,
 And snow-white lilies manifold—
 More than ever my hands can hold.

Then comes rap—rap; and swift retreat—
'Twere vain to follow their flying feet;—
So, hiding my face, in blossoms sweet,
 I breathe for the children a fervent prayer,
 That God will shield them with loving care
 And keep them, like lilies, pure and fair.

They come and go like doves on the wing,
But they do not know what cheer they bring
To one, who has passed beyond life's Spring.—
 Thanks, thanks, dear fairies, happy and gay,
 From my heart the clouds you've swept away
 And brought me sunshine and blooms of May.

CARRIED BY STORM.

I said I would never tell her of the love within my heart,
For she, so rich and queenly, in my life could have no part.
She never should smile in triumph, or curl her lip in scorn,
Because of the proffered worship of one so lowly born.
I lived almost in the shadow of her father's mansion grand,
My parents and I—poor tenants, who tilled her father's land.
The people called her gracious, for miles and miles around;
For wherever was grief and sickness—there, she was always
found.

And so it chanced one morning, as sweet as a rose in bloom,
She stood at my mother's bedside, in our clean, ungarnished room,
In either hand were dainties, she had brought from her ample
store;
Then my churlish pride rose higher, than ever it had before,
And I took from my pocket silver, pressing it into her hand,
With a harsh "We are not beggars! I trust you understand."
Surprise, and a look of sorrow, swept over the gentle face,
Tears glistened beneath her eyelids, then she smiled in saintly
grace.

She placed on the small pine table, that was scrubbed so clean
and white,
The little pile of silver, save a half dime shining bright,
"This coin I will keep," she uttered—"Just this from your hon-
est hand,—
As a token of truest friendship, if you wish it, Ferdinand."
She came no more to the cottage—I thought she had learned to
know
That even a humble workman, some self-respect could show.
She rode to church on Sundays—it was little less than a mile—
I walked and took a by-path that led o'er the church yard stile.

One sultry Sunday in August, the threatening clouds were black,
Her horses grew wild at thunder, and homeward she turned them
back.

They reared and dashed like demons, adown the country street.
I caught at their bits to save her, and was trampled under their
feet.

She flew from the reeling carriage, like a spotless snow-white
dove,

Speeding back o'er the road they had travelled—swift on the
wings of love—

Flew back to where I was lying, senseless in mud and rain,
And thinking me dead, or dying, her heart cried out in its pain.

“You are dead—O, you're dead—my darling! And never can
know on earth

How fondly and truly I loved you, for your noble manly worth.”
On my lips, such warm sweet kisses were pressed amid falling
tears

As would win one back from heaven: and her fond words filled
my ears.

I opened my eyes and answered, “I have loved you all my life
But I felt too proud to ask you to become a poor man's wife.
Since we played together as children you've dwelt in my heart
alone;

And my pride that was wronging you, Annie, was turning my
heart to stone.”

We walked in the by-path homeward, that led o'er the rustic
stile,

To me the thunder seemed laughter—the lightning's flash was a
smile;

As clasping her slight form closely, to shield from the driving
rain,

We walked, and we talked—nor noticed when the sun shone out
again,

But we understood each other, ere we reached her father's door,
And the good old man's kind blessing was ours forever more.

Long years ago we were wedded, still our love is true and warm
And we thank the August shower that carried our hearts by
storm.

THE EMPTY SWING.

In all the idle winds that blow,
Her swing keeps swaying to and fro;
Back and forth—ever back and forth—
Whether the winds blow south or north.
Gazing with tear-dimmed eyes I see
A little girl beneath the tree.
I see again her fluttering gown,
Her tossing curls of sun-lit brown:
Little Alice, in childish glee,
Swinging, laughing, and calling me.

Swinging high as the rope will go;
Or swaying gently to and fro,
Like rocking chair, in rhythmic sweep,
Lulling her baby dolls to sleep.
Ah, she is gone—I can not hear
Her glad voice calling, sweet and clear.
The rooms where laughter used to ring.
Are empty now, as her empty swing.

O, windswept, swaying, mocking rope,
How like thou art to fruitless hope—
A cold, dead hope, that once was rife,
With pulsing forms of happy life—
Ah, yes, thou'rt like a mocking hope,
Thou windswept, swinging, empty rope.

LITTLE ALICE'S REPLY.*

(As given by her mother, Mrs. Lydia E. Miller.)

That blackened rope, in the old oak tree,
Has made lots of fun, grandma, for me;
And when I thought of it swaying there,
Alone, alone in the cold, cold air,
The tears flowed down my rosy cheek—
I sobbed so hard, I couldn't speak—

* By permission.

I know it's lonesome as it can be—
Why don't you go out and swing for me?

Dear grandma, I think if I were there,
And went to the swing with flying hair,
You'd say the weather was far too cold—
You'd hurry me back and maybe scold,
And when in the house I'd make such noise
You'd think I was three-hundred boys,
And grandpa, too, with his nerves a-jerk,
Would say "Keep still!" and that's hard work.

LITTLE SALLY.

Sometimes while yet the trees are bare,
Tho' Spring's sweet breath is in the air,
And pussies, in their furry rigs,
Are climbing up the willow twigs,
When not a violet's in view,
Tho' far-off skies are warm and blue,
I walk in pathways sodden wet,
My thoughts half hope and half regret;
When suddenly a sweet surprise
Appears to cheer my downcast eyes,
And shyly there looks up at me
A dainty, frail anemone.

So, walked I, with a nerveless tread—
Life's hopes like sodden leaves lay dead—
When like a fair anemone,
A baby's picture came to me;
And gazing on the coy, sweet face,
The whole broad earth seemed lit with grace;
And in my heart was rhyme and tune
Flowing along like brooks in June.
O, dainty Sally, yours the gift
Shadows from darkened hearts to lift;
And may God grant his grace and light,
To make your whole life glad and bright.

A GLAD THANKSGIVING DAY.

This has been the best Thanksgiving, that ever I have had;—
Tho' my Thanksgiving days, have all been very bright and glad;—
We had a dozen little folks at our house today
Who had never tasted turkey, upon Thanksgiving day.

Mamma said our Heavenly Father had been to us so good
In giving us a pleasant home, our clothing, fire, and food;—
We must think of other children, whose homes are not so gay;
And share with them our many gifts, upon Thanksgiving day.

And so they came, a noisy group, as ever I have seen.
Their clothes were torn and rather soiled; their hands not very
clean.—

We played "I spy," and "pull away" and "hunt the treasure" too,
And many other common games, that all the children knew.

Then we went into the bath room, and washed each face and hand:
Then all marched to the dining hall, a cleaner looking band.
After papa asked a blessing, he heaped up every plate:
And laughed, and kept on helping us;—O my, how we all ate!

Mamma called us to the parlor, and sang a song or two;
Then she talked about dear Jesus, whose love, she said, was true.
Then she told us all to kneel with her, a little band of prayer
While she asked the blessed Savior to keep us in His care.

And just before the sun went down, while still the sky was bright;
She kissed each happy little face, and, as she said "Good-night,"
Gave each a little box of food, and each a bunch of flowers.—
Oh, I'm sure that no Thanksgiving, was happier than ours!

TWO ROBBERS.

“Please tell me a long, long story, 'bout when you were a boy—
No other boy was ever so good as you were, Uncle Roy;
You say good men were once good boys—you're better'n any-
one else,

Please tell how you stole the apples, along with Uncle Nelse.”
So coaxed the flattering pleader, and would not let me rest,
Tho' I had on my brain a love dream, of all love dreams the best.
But when he mentioned the apples, from reverie I awoke
And recalled how two small culprits a great commandment broke.

I was seven years old and Nelse was nine, we both attended
school—

We had learned the ten commandments, as well as the golden
rule—

The boys at school told stories of robbers, “brave and pure”
Who took all things away from the rich, and gave them to the
poor.

So we talked it over and over in the orchard warm and bright,
We said gran'pa was richer'n pa and of course that wasn't right.
His orchard trees were bigger—with more apples on every tree
And gran'ma had in her garden, a lot more roses than we.

So we said we'd rob our gran'pa that very, very night.
We'd steal a lot of his apples and roses red and white,
And give them to our poor parents—as many as we could hold—
Then we'd creep back into bed again, two robbers “good and bold.”
That night when mother kissed us, and prayed beside our bed,
And asked if any naughty things we'd done, or thought or said;
I could scarcely keep from telling what we'd planned to do that
night;

But Nelse kept pinching my fingers, till she took away the light.

Our window next to the orchard was opened free and wide,
We climbed upon the painted sill and easily dropped outside,

Our orchard was close to grandpa's, with gate wide open between,
And lying thick on the ground in both, was fruit, red, russet and
green.

We sped along thro' the orchards, two white-robed figures, small,
And picked dear grandma's roses, red, white, and pink ones, all—
I gathered up my night gown and held it for Nelse to fill
And he whispered "O, do be careful! Don't let the roses spill."

Nelse filled his gown with apples, and wished 'twould hold some
more.—

We couldn't climb in the window, and mamma had locked the
door;

Then Nelse let go of his night gown, the apples rolled all around
And papa, hearing the racket, jumped out of bed, with a bound.
The moon like a silver sickle was nearly hidden from sight
When he opened the door and saw us, two culprits in drabbled
white—

When we told our dreadful story, mixed up with sobs and tears—
I never have known such anguish in all my manhood years.

And mother, in trailing garments, looked like an angel would—
Her voice was broken with sobbing—how I wished that I'd been
good.—

Father put his arm around her and whispered, "Go back to bed,
I'll deal with these highway robbers," then in stern tones he said—
"We can not take in two robbers." Then added with troubled air;
"This sheltered porch with doormat, is better than prison fare—
If we should shelter two wicked thieves, we'd be as bad as they."
Then he turned the key in the kitchen door and we heard him
walk away.

The apples were scattered about the porch, our heads on roses
laid,

We cuddled down on the braided mat, two culprits sore afraid;
Then dear old Towzer came sniffing, and nosed us from head to
feet

As if he wondered whether or not we were something good to eat.

We coaxed him to stay beside us, his head close down by my
face—

Dogs don't desert their friends, you see, even when they're in dis-
grace—

And sometime after we fell asleep mother spread over us her
shawl—

I guess a mother stands by her boys, no matter how low they fall.

But when she came to the doorway, just after the morning broke,
The tears that fell o'er her naughty boys, would have made a
burglar choke—

And father brought out the Bible and read of the thieves who
died

On either side of the Saviour, when He was crucified;
Then talked to us sadly but gently, while wiping tears from each
face—

Then he and mamma beside us knelt, invoking the good Lord's
grace,

Asking His holy guidance to lead us in pathways right—

Oh! always when tempted in manhood I think of that awful night.

A NEW YEAR'S WISH.

If this old year, which soon must end,
Has brought you aught amiss;
God grant the new one make amend,
And give you quiet bliss.

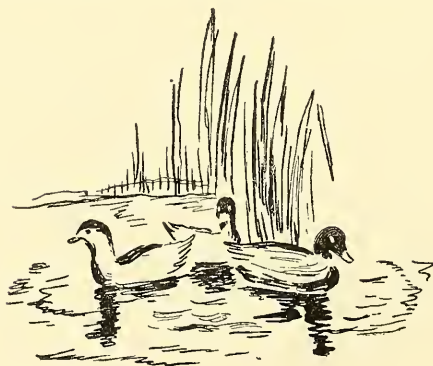
RONDEAU.

A love song indited to Miss K. L. S., a beautiful young lady, who whimsically complained that I had never addressed a poem to her, although I had often written them to all her sisters and brothers.

Were I a poet, my fair young friend,
Thy face would inspiration lend;
My songs to thee would never end,
Were I a poet, my fair young friend.

Thy face would inspiration lend
To sweetest songs that e'er were penned;
My every thought on thee I'd spend,
Thy face would inspiration lend.

My songs to thee would never end,
All sweetest words should sweetly blend;
Were I a poet, my fair young friend,
My songs to thee would never end.



JANEY LEE AND CHRISTIE OLESON.

Up and down, and round, and about,
Turning the green sod wrong side out,
Till ridge after ridge the furrows lay,
From morn till night, walked Henry Gray.
No cheerful whistle, no snatch of song
Came from his lips the whole day long;
No glance he cast toward Hillside farm,
That held for him, today, no charm—
Yet, had he turned his eyes that way
A lovely landscape before them lay;
A house, like a pearl in emerald set,
And barn, where doors seemed squares of jet,
As they stood to the south wind, open wide,
Invitingly, in its broad red side;
And rows of hives, for the honey bees,
Were ranged 'neath the sugar maple trees.
And a tiny brook, with its speckled trout,
Through the meadow land slid in and out.
O, the Hillside farm was fair to see
And the soul of it all was Janey Lee.
Janey, the farmer's only child,
Sweetly wilful, but ever mild.
Never a dainty city belle
Knew arts of coquetry so well;
She knew what colors she should wear;—
No novice she, in plaiting hair.
Deftly she'd make a coronet
Of her long braids of shining jet,
And foil, in native, childish art,
With dainty bells of bleeding heart;
Or, in the puffs like clouds of jet,
A dandelion star she'd set.
Next day, perhaps, 'twere massive curls,
Bound back with beads like waxen pearls;—
Tho' changing ever, ever bright—

Of Hillside farm she was the light.
But ah! she need not practice art,
To snare or keep young Charley's heart;
Her father's wealth and his broad farm,
To him seemed far the greatest charm.

On Hillside farm she flew about
Like careless bird, indoors and out;
And Richard Lee and his good wife
Aimed to make glad their daughter's life.
Oh, how they loved to hear her play
On her grand piano, on Sabbath day,
Mi, mi, re, do, do, re, re, mi, re, do;
Sol, sol, fa, mi, mi, re, do, re, mi, do.
And they, who nothing of music knew,
Were proud while her stumbling fingers flew;
'Twas wonderful!—They could not tell
How Janey learned to play so well!
And her painted roses and landscapes, all,
Were hung, with pride on the parlor wall.
In fancy work she had little skill,
Tho' she wrought so much with tireless will.
For her mother's shoulders, oft, she knit
Capes that were, more or less, a fit;
And made warm scarfs, of green, and red,
To wrap her father's neck and head;
And Christie, the hired girl, looked sweet
In ruffled aprons, white and neat,
Complete with ribbon bows and bands,
That were gifts from Janey's kindly hands;
And Henry Gray had handkerchiefs, three,
Marked, by her, with a wonderful "G,"
But in their folds no power lay
To wipe his secret tears away.
He had loved little Janey all his life,
And she had promised to be his wife.

His well-tilled farm was fair to see,
Joining the acres of Richard Lee.
They'd planned together a farm house, small,
With Janey's paintings upon the wall,
And thought the time not far away
When she would be Mrs. Henry Gray.
But their castles in the air went tumbling down,
Assailed by a carpenter from town;
While building the house for Henry Gray,
Each pleasant evening he took his way
To Hillside farm, where dapper and free,
He talked soft nothings to Janey Lee;
He told of the home he soon would make,
With spacious rooms—beside some lake,
Which the moon would make like silver seem;
And Janey was always in each dream.—
“The hut that Gray is building,” said he,
“Is no fit home for Janey Lee.
Think of him, darling, in blue jean blouse!
Won't he be a king, in that huge house?
Ha, ha, ha, ha, I fancy I see
You, queening it there, my Janey Lee!”
And so, beneath the evening skies,
He looked in Janey's dark brown eyes,
And with cunning falsehoods stole away
Her simple heart from Henry Gray.
And Janey's parents, reluctant, gave
Consent to her marriage with that smooth knave.
He sang with her,—while she touched the keys
In little, queer, uncertain ways,—
Thinking how ill the cash was spent
That her “pa” paid for that instrument.
“I'll sell the idiot thing!” thought he,
“When I am boss of Janey Lee.”
He boasted of the home he'd make,
Way off,—somewhere, by a pretty lake;

And his rustic hearers 'round about
Shook their heads, as if in doubt;
One said "I'll bet most anything
That lake will smell like a sulphur spring."

* * *

The small new house stood over there,
Like a snow-white rose in the orchard fair;
And sitting alone, in an upper room,
Was Henry Gray in depths of gloom.
He held in his hand the small pink note,
Ill-spelled, cramp-lettered, that Janey wrote,
When she gave the snowy handkerchiefs three,
Marked with the curious letter "G;"
And a cinnamon rose he had kept with care,
That dropped one day from her shining hair.—
The tears that fell were like those we shed
In tender sorrow above the dead.—
Then he wrapped the trifles up again,
And wrote in letters large and plain,
 "Janey, I send these keepsakes back;
 And say if ever a friend you lack,
 Just let me know—tho' I'm far away.—
 Your friend forever, Henry Gray."
Then sent the package to "Miss Jane Lee"
And rose like a giant, strong and free.

* * *

The carpenter, Charley Brown, was vexed,
As half triumphant and half perplexed,
Beneath a spreading oak he lay,
The eve before his wedding day;
And mused with thoughts that ran like these:
 "A farmer never lives at ease;
I'll sell this farm, the cash I'll pocket
As soon as old Lee kicks the bucket!

What! Live out here where bleating sheep
 And bawling calves won't let one sleep?
 A humdrum life, so dull and tame,—
 I've most a mind to jump the game!
 What would the little ninny say
 If I tonight should skip away?
 She's half a fool—I'm well aware—
 With coal-black eyes and coarse black hair.—
 Zounds! Why should women have black eyes,
 And inky hair? I can't surmise—
 I'd leave her for Hank Gray to win,
 If her old dad had not the tin.—
 Avaunt! ye dark brunettes, I cry,
 Give me a blonde with soft blue eye.—
 I tell her that her face is fair
 As the pale moon held high in air—
 Once called her face a milk-white daisy;—
 I swear, I thought she'd think me crazy.—
 I wish their hired girl could be
 Put in the place of Janey Lee.—
 Her face is like a blush-rose fair,
 And palest gold her wealth of hair;
 An honest, steady-going girl—
 Quiet—without a flounce or curl;—
 If ever I loved anyone,
 I know 'tis Christie Oleson."

Just then, a warm hand, small and fair
 Fell like a leaf on his black hair,
 And Janey softly whispered: "Dear,
 What thoughts were yours as I came near?"

"How can you ask me, Janey Lee,
 What should my thoughts this evening be,
 Save of yourself, my pretty one—
 Wishing today were nearer done!
 For on tomorrow, O, my love,
 You'll be my own, my snow-white dove.

My witty bride, so blithe, so gay—
Your wit grows brighter every day—
My long-haired comet of the night!
You're just as good as you are bright.
Good by, until tomorrow, then,
I go now to my village den."

The wedding day was very fair,
Neighbors from miles around were there—
And quiet, 'mid the throng so gay,
Was honest, proud-faced Henry Gray.

And Janey's mother hardly knew
How that day's work was carried through,
By Christie's business knack and skill
To make all tasks obey her will.
Much fairer than the bride was she,
Pink-flushed and busy as a bee.—
And when six months had quickly sped,
Christie and Henry Gray were wed.
Janey was borne by Charley Brown
Away to dwell in a distant town;
They seemed to live in sweet content,
Till Janey's dower all was spent.
She still kept sending back for more,
Till want stood at her father's door.
The farm was mortgaged—yet the cry
For help they never could deny.
And, grieving over Janey's fate,
Her parents died disconsolate.
The farm was on the mortgage sold,
And Charley gambled off the gold.
And when poor Janey asked for clothes
He gave her cruel words and blows.
"Had I your gifts," he sneering said,
"I'd never lack for clothes or bread;
Why don't you paint such works of art
As those with which you won my heart?"

Ha! Works of art! I see them now—
Where a bird looked like a flying cow!
Your father was a blamed old fool
For sending you to music school,
And list'ning, in his dotard pride,
To the tune on which the old cow died.
Not strange your children die," he said,
"When their mother can't make decent bread;
Could you work as Christie did, I think,
You'd not have driven me to drink."—
Thus nagged and worried every day,
At thirty-five her hair was gray.
And drearily dragged on her life,
A weary mother—a hopeless wife.

* * *

One day a stranger came, and said
Her husband was dying—or maybe dead—
In a drunken brawl, in a low saloon,
And wanted her to come there soon.—
She went; and with gasping breath he said
"I suppose—you'll—be glad—when I—am dead;—
Teach—Mary—useful work—to do—
Not—be—a—worthless thing—like—you."
He died, and was laid with the pauper dead;
And bitter tears his wronged wife shed.—
She soothed her sickly baby's cries—
Vainly seeking work 'neath gloomy skies.

At the station house she sought relief,
Telling her story, in shame and grief;
And transportation was given then,
To send them back to the country again—
Back to the scenes of childhood fair—
Surely, old friends would help her there.—
They would kindly aid, if they but knew,—
For country hearts are warm and true.

* * *

She stood at a distance, and saw the charm
 That rested over the Hillside farm.
 She thought, as a bride she had left it all,
 And bitterly then did her teardrops fall.
 To the house she slowly wended her way,
 Unknowing that there dwelt Henry Gray,—
 And Christie's mother, whose gentle eyes,
 Were blue as far-off Norway skies,
 Sat on the porch, in snow-white cap,
 With the rosy baby upon her lap; •
 She was wooing sleep for Ole's eyes
 With old-time Norske lullabies:

*„Nu løstes Løft og Løfte til Stjerne=hvælven blaa,
 Nu flyver lille Ole med Drømme=vinger paa.
 Der er en Stige stillet fra Jord til Himmel op,
 Nu stiger lille Ole med Englene til top.
 Guds Engle smaa de vaage for Bugge=barnets fred,
 Gud sign dig, lille Ole, din Moder vaager med.“*

Janey asked for shelter—and Christie said
 “Come in—you're welcome to food and bed.”

In the care-marked face, of wrinkled brown,
 In the scant gray hair, and plain made gown,
 Neither Henry nor Christie a trace could see
 Of the pretty, laughing Janey Lee.
 But their hearts to pity were deeply stirred
 As her sorrowful story, together, they heard.

Henry's wife, a matron fair of face,
 Filled all his heart in every place;
 And healthy, tow-headed children, five,
 Made Hillside farm seem ever alive.
 Christie, with deft and womanly charms,
 Took the famished babe from its mother's arms,
 And fed, and bathed, and soothed it to rest,
 Holding it close to her loving breast.
 She gave to Janey her own old room,
 Now sweet with odor of lilac bloom:—

Too tired was Janey for thought or tears,—
 Her sleep, most restful she'd known in years,
 And Christie and Henry said next day,
 The room should be hers, if she would stay.
 Weeks passed: still Christie would ever say
 "O, Janey, you must not go away;
 We love you here—and we'd miss you so—
 Dear friend, we can not let you go."—
 She stayed; and Christie removed each care
 From the fragile woman with faded hair;
 And baby Mary grew plump and sweet,
 With plenty of wholesome food to eat.
 But Janey's step grew slow and and weak
 And thinner and paler her withered cheek;
 And doctors said no power could save
 The patient sufferer from the grave.
 And Henry and Christie promised, they
 Would rear little Mary tenderly,
 And safely guard her as their own child.
 "Then I go in peace"—the mother smiled;
 And folding her hands, on her quiet breast,
 Passed softly into her dreamless rest.

When maple leaves, like butterflies,
 Were fluttering down 'neath autumn skies,
 Near her father and mother was made her bed,
 With a marble slab to mark the head.

* * *

Little brown-eyed Mary thriving grew,
 And never the lack of love she knew.
 Busy, and sweet, and happy, and free,
 She seemed a copy of Janey Lee.
 In every motion was graceful charm—
 She was wisely reared on Hillside farm—
 And a blessed helpmeet in every way
 Is Mary, the wife of Ole Gray.

TO THE STUDENTS OF DOWNER COLLEGE.

(Written during a visit at commencement, 1892.)

Like one of old, who climbed a mountain height
To view the Promised Land, with age-dimmed sight;
So have I climbed a long and weary way,
To view a land, fair as a summer day.
O, glorious land of Knowledge! How it lies,
Outstretched before my weary, longing eyes;
I see some paths like silver ribbons gleam
Tenderly bright, as 'neath the moon's pale beam;
And some there are that harsh and rugged lie
Where majesty and grandeur charm the eye.
And there are highways, bright as burnished gold,
Trodden by feet in wisdom's ways made bold;
And some cool pathways scarcely break the sod,
So daintily have those, who walked them, trod.
I know these lead to pure Castalia's spring,
Where birds o'er swaying tree tops poise and sing.
"O, gleaming waters, call me to thy brink,
My dry parched lips are thirsting for one drink!"
"Back!" cries a voice harsh and un pitying,
"Hushed be thy lips, thou hast not learned to sing.—
None enter here but those who early wrought
And deeply delved within the mines of thought."
LOST OPPORTUNITY beside me stands
Waving me back with unrelenting hands;
Saying "Behold the land, nor enter in:
See all the goals that once were thine to win.
In vain thy prayers, in vain thy falling tears,
Thou can'st not gather up the wasted years."
And so regret dwells ever in my heart,
And bids me say to you, who now must start
In paths of life, The land of Knowledge win:
Strive hard to gain it—you can enter in;—
Crush every obstacle you chance to meet,
And mount above it, with a victor's feet.

Columbus-like, new fields you may explore,—
There is no aim too high,—no close shut door.
Seize Opportunity and hold her fast,
Lest she should say “The hour for you is past,”
And you, like me should stand, in hopelessness,
Viewing a land you never can possess.

CLASS SONG FOR SUN PRAIRIE HIGH SCHOOL, 1893.

Motto: “On the Threshold.”

On the threshold we are standing—
We, the class of '93—
Gazing bravely in the future,
Which is bright as bright can be.
We have done with school-book lessons,
We are ready to respond
To the call where work awaits us
Just beyond—just beyond.

While upon the threshold standing
With our books behind us cast,
With the future spread before us,
We've a tear to give the past;
We have kind good byes to whisper
With affection pure and fond,
Ere each seeks some goal that's lying
Just beyond—just beyond.

We have grateful thanks to utter
To the teachers, who have sought
To prepare us for the future—
Patiently and well they wrought.
Deep within our hearts we're holding
Their best counsels, as a bond,

They will help us in the struggles
Just beyond—just beyond.

If the future brings us sorrow,
Heavy crosses, tears and care,
May our God, whose ways are perfect,
Give us strength our lot to bear,
And receive us in His kingdom
When earth's lessons all are conned;
When we've earned the crown that waits us
Just beyond—just beyond.

CLASS SONG FOR SUN PRAIRIE HIGH SCHOOL, 1895.

Motto: "Upward Striving."

[Tune: "When You and I Were Young."]

To-day we have gained the hill crest, classmates,
The crest which we have sought;
Our pathway has led us thro' thorns and flowers
Within the realms of thought.
But now for a moment we'll pause to rest
And sing of conquests won,
Then with hearts and with souls upward striving
To greater heights pass on.

CHORUS:

And now, while together we stand to-night,
As we think of the past with a sigh,
Let us sing of the days that will come no more
And then we will say good-bye.

In the field of life there is work enough
Waiting a willing hand,
We must go on our separate ways henceforth,
Breaking our little band

But the happy years we will not forget,
That we together spent,
And triumphs we helped each to win, classmates,
We'll view with calm content.

Great trials may come to each one of us,
But let us ever try
To counsel and help each other as we
Have done in days gone by;
And when the last hill has been climbed, classmates,
And we have joined the blest,
May the modest hearts-ease spring up, classmates,
To mark our place of rest.

CLASS SONG FOR BLOOMINGTON HIGH SCHOOL, 1899.

Motto: "We Launch Tonight, Where Shall We Anchor?"

The sails are set, the anchors weighed—
We launch our boat to-night,—
Each wavelet seems a golden flame
Under the moon's bright light;
The gentle breezes inland blow,
They come from spicy isles,
Treasures are hidden there we know,
Hope beckons us with smiles,
We go—we go.

Good bye to land of schooldays dear,
Which ne'er seemed bright as now,
When from its sheltering haven, fair,
Is turned each vessel's prow.

Farewell to faithful teachers too—
 Who gave us charts to guide
Our boat upon life's ocean, deep,
 Which seems to-night so wide.
 Good bye—good bye.

There's one who always watches
 Each craft, however small;
He holds the ocean in his palm,
 His care is over all.
O, Father! If wild tempests rise,
 And disappointments vex,
Let not our hope-fraught boats become
 Idle and useless wrecks,
 We pray—we pray.

We go to seek life's treasures, rich,
 In isles beyond our sight;
Our banners gaily fly aloft,
 We launch our boats to-night.
Dear Jesus, be our pilot, true,
 Till shoals and rocks are past;
Until in heaven's harbor, safe,
 Our anchor shall be cast,
 At last—at last.

CLASS SONGS WRITTEN FOR THE WINDSOR HIGH SCHOOL.

Class of 1898.

Motto: "More Beyond."

Onward, upward, ever upward,
Leads the road our feet should tread:
Brighter gems are ever gleaming
In the pathway just ahead:
We will strive for fresher laurels,
Following ambition's wand,
As it beckons onward, upward,
Pointing us to more beyond.

Ev'ry struggle makes us stronger;
Thorns and brambles hedge our way.
We have learned, in years of study,
Life holds work as well as play.
To the voice that calls us onward
We will valiantly respond,
Never will we idly loiter,
Lest we miss what lies beyond.

We have grateful love for teachers,
Who have faithfully bestowed
Chart and compass for our guidance
In the mazy, climbing road.
We will bear our burdens bravely,
Nor in weakness e'er despond:
For above life's proudest triumph,
There is treasure, still beyond.

When we've reached the final station
Resting there, upon the height,—
That grand peak in splendor lying
In the Christian's sunset light.
Satisfied with that last triumph
We will drop life's dearest bond,
And receive the Father's blessing—
Nothing greater waits beyond.

Class of 1899.

Motto: "Ever Onward."

A fine new boat, that is staunch and true,
Is anchored in the bay;
And we, her fearless and happy crew,
Will embark with hope today;
Our beautiful boat will glide and dance,
Away o'er the ocean's wide expanse.

We will start today across the main,
To seek the bounteous isles,
That hold rich goals for each to gain,
Where the future brightly smiles.
Away, away to the blessed Isles,
Where honor and love and fortune smiles.

To teachers kind we must say good by,
For no longer we may stay;
The sails are filled, there's a friendly sky,
And we must away—away;
O, ever onward our good boat flies,
To the land that holds for each a prize.

We know Life's ocean is vast and deep,
And that hidden rocks may be
In the course our gallant ship must keep,
While crossing the restless sea.
There'll be stormy days and starless nights,
Ere we see the gleam of the haven lights.

But we have a Pilot, true and wise,
Whose hand is on the helm.
If we trust in him, when tempests rise,
The billows will not o'erwhelm.
He stilled the tempest on Galilee,
He's master of sky, and land, and sea.

Class of 1900.

Motto: "Forward."

Like soldiers, in safe training camp,
We've been drilling, many a day;
And known that on Life's battle field
Was raging an unceasing fray.
Now, "Forward!" calls bugle and fife,
We are ordered to join in the strife;
Swift, swift to the field we will haste—
We have never a moment to waste.

O, sometimes the discipline seemed
Quite needless, and heavy to bear;
And sometimes we childishly deemed,
Of work we had more than our share.
But now, as our schooldays must close,
We humbly acknowledge to those
Who helped us and urged us along,
That to them, thanks and praises belong.

The very best lessons they gave
Shall stay with us, where'er we go;
They taught us to ever be brave,
And justly to deal with a foe.
There's glory for each to attain—
Proud heights for the hero to gain—
True honor is dearer than life—
And "Forward" calls bugle and fife.

Now, while into action we haste,
We look up to God, with a prayer,
And ask Him to order our ways:
Nor let us pass out of His care.
When all of Earth's conflicts are done,
And the kingdom of Heaven is won,
We'll hear from our Captain this word—
"Enter into the joy of the Lord."

Class of 1901.

Motto: "Labor Omnia Vincit."

Star of the future, rise, O rise!
We watch to see thee mount the skies;
We know that somewhere, 'neath thy beams,
We'll find fulfillment of our dreams.
If thou shouldst lead thro' pleasant lands,
O'er stormy seas or desert sands
We'll follow thee with steadfast eyes—
Star of the future, rise, O rise!

Schooldays are done, they could not last;
But we've won treasures from the past,
Gifts that shall vanquish doubts and fears,
If they appear in coming years.
Fortune and fame may use their wings,
But "Labor conquereth all things"—
Hope shall mount with thee in our skies,
Star of the future, rise, O rise!

We will not stand and idly dream,
We'll labor where thy bright rays gleam;
We know thou'lt lead us to our goals,
We'll follow thee, with earnest souls.
After life's prizes all are given,
Still lead us on and into Heaven,
For there awaits the grandest prize—
Star of the future, rise, O rise!

Class of 1902.

Motto: "Rowing, Not Drifting."

Loosing the faithful hands
That have led us many a day,
We bravely enter the trusty boat
Which will bear us far away.
Out on Life's mighty ocean,
Where winds and wild waves sport,
We'll visit many beautiful isles;
We'll enter many a port.

CHORUS:

Smooth seems the sea,
Reflecting the heavens fair—
And yet—we know there's peril ahead,
Unless our Pilot be there.

Rowing with all our strength—
Not idly drifting along;
We'll keep our boat in its onward course,
And lighten our toil with song.
O! the parting with schoolmates!
Who, standing upon the shore,
Are waving farewell, with loyal hands,
To us, who return no more.

Under the treach'rons waves,
In caverns gloomy and deep,
Lie many lustrous, beautiful pearls
For us to gather and keep.
Far the most precious of all
Th' "pearl of great price" shall be;
If that be ours, all other bright gems
Might stay in the depths of the sea.

Jesus our pilot is;
He'll keep us from rocky reef,

And guide us past all derelict craft
Which threaten ruin and grief.
When the voyage is ended,
And all our toil is o'er,
He'll guide us into the final port
To rest on the blessed shore.

Class of 1903.

Motto: „Niemałs rückwärts.“

We're a little band of students,
And our hearts beat proud and light
With the rapture of attainment;
For we've reached our goal tonight.
We have gained the long-sought gateway
Which leads out into the world;
We will go forth through the portal,
With our banner, high unfurled.

Glorious world! spread out before us,
Softly arched by sky of blue;
Broad and beautiful thy roadways;
All thy flowers are fresh with dew;
Birds are singing in thy fruit trees;—
Hope is singing over all.—
Can there be dark snares of evil
Where unwary ones may fall?

Safely have our ways been guarded
By home-love, and teachers kind;

Now from them we part, in sorrow;
On our hearts their words we'll bind;—
They have armed us with wise precepts,
They have taught us lofty aim.
May we not so faint and falter
That the great, wide world will blame.

There are grander heights before us
Which we hope, by toil, to gain;
With our banner floating o'er us
Those proud goals we may attain.
We'll press onward toward the temple
Where Ambition's torches burn;—
Never backward! Never backward
Shall our eager footsteps turn.

Give us now a place to labor,
And to earn a laurel crown,
Ere we reach that far-off gateway,
Where Earth's toil must be laid down.
Heavenly Father, safely guide us
To the gate of pearl, we pray;
Let it open to receive us,
When shall end our earthly day.

Class of 1904.

Motto: "Success Proves Itself."

Open wide thy gate, O, Future,
Open wide thy gateway grand;
We are knocking at thy portal,
Each with brave, impatient hand.
We would seek thy hidden treasures,
We would climb thy mountains bold,
We would taste thy vaunted pleasures,
We would delve for shining gold.

Let us in—O let us in!

Unknown Future, let us in.

Loving parents, faithful teachers
Tell us trials are in store;
We are girded for the conflict,—
Open now, for us, the door;
In our hearts we'll bear their precepts,
They shall help us on our way;
Gladly we will meet life's duties,
We no longer must delay.

Let us in—O let us in!

Unknown Future, let us in.

In our toil and in our triumphs
May our footsteps ever trend,
In the pathways of the future,
Toward our Everlasting Friend.
Heavenly Father, kindly guide us,
Lest from thee our feet may roam;
And at last, O, bid us welcome
To thy many-mansioned home.

Let us in—O, let us in!

To thy mansions, let us in.

Class of 1905.

Motto: "The End Crowns All."

After years of faithful toiling
We have reached the hill's fair crest;
Now, with hearts triumphant beating,
Just a moment let us rest,
Looking backward with our classmates,
With a half regretful sigh,
While we lay aside our text books,
And to schooldays say good-by.

Thanks to teachers, who have helped us,—
We shall miss their counsel, wise;
But the best of all their precepts
We will keep before our eyes;
We will ne'er forget their teachings,
Truth and honor we will hold
As the greatest of all treasures,
Far out-weighing shining gold.

Through our days of busy study
We have dreamed of this blest night,
When the end should crown our struggle,
Amid music, flowers and light.
Now, we face the untried Future
With our hands outstretched to take
All the gifts that she may proffer,
Tho' our hearts may sometimes ache.

We will wrest from Fame her laurels;
We will seek her grandest height;—
That our aims may be successful
Is fore-tokened by tonight.
Heavenly Father, bless and aid us
When we worthily aspire;
Keep us in thy ways, we pray thee,
Let us falter not, nor tire.

Class of 1906.

Motto: "Tonight We Launch, Where Shall We Anchor?"

O, we're a happy, jolly crew,
Who launch our boat today,
Upon the ocean, deep and blue,
For port that's far away;
We tread the deck, like sailors brave,
No foolish fears have we,
For God goes with his mariners
Upon life's boundless sea.

O, we shall stop at many isles
And greet each pleasant shore,
Before our vessel gains the port
To leave it, nevermore.
We care not for the tempest wild
That sweeps across the sea;
We're safe within the Father's care,
Wherever we may be.

A kind farewell—a long farewell
To those upon the shore,
Teachers and students, each, and all—
We shall return no more.
O, kindly bid us now "God-speed!"
For we embark today;
All softly blow the fav'ring winds—
Our boat must leave the bay.

Our work we'll faithfully perform,
Our Captain we'll obey;
The chart that He has given us
Shall guide us all the way.
And when the final anchor's cast—
The blessed port is won—
May we behold His gracious smile
And hear Him say, "Well done."

Class of 1907.

Motto: "Through Difficulties to Grandeur."

Let us join in one glad chorus,
Ere we break the ranks and go
Where the future lies before us,
Tho' its paths we do not know;
Shall we fear to enter on them
And stand doubting here and there?
No, we'll step into the conflict,
Welcoming its toil and care.

CHORUS:

Difficulties shall not daunt us;
Grandeur looms against the skies,
We will not grow weak and falter,
We will surely win the prize.

We may cross the bleakest desert,
Dreading not its burning sand,
When we know that just beyond it
Lies a region broad and grand.
We will gather life's bright roses,
And its problems we'll unfold;
For we know by earnest effort
We may win both fame and gold.

Unto schoolmates who still linger
We will bid a kind farewell;
And to teachers, true and patient,
We our gratitude must tell.
If we follow their wise counsel
We victorious will be;
And we shall behold a glory
That is not of land or sea.

Class of 1908.

Motto: "Out of the Bay Into the Ocean."

Tonight we leave the quiet bay
And dare the ocean wide;—
Now swiftly o'er its bounding waves
Our graceful boat will ride.
We know that somewhere in Life's sea
Are isles divinely blest;
And we would find those friendly shores,
To labor—not to rest.

CHORUS:

We go—we go! Our hearts are light,
The ocean glitters fair—
We glide away, a happy crew,
Safe in our Father's care.

We do not fear the rolling waves,
Nor rocks and reefs that hide;—
Unto the Future's blessed isles
Our boat we'll surely guide.
Good-bye to teachers;—and farewell
To students on the shore,
Soon you will gaily follow us—
But we return no more.

God's holy Word our compass is;
No error will be ours
If by His perfect chart we sail,
In sunshine, and in showers;
For where our vessel swiftly flies,
His love will ever be
The lode-star that shall guide our way,
Upon Life's trackless sea.

CLASS POEM.

Now, when the Springtime is glowing with beauty,
With bird-song, and sunshine, and soft falling showers;
When to be study'ing, seems a sweet duty,
And we cull from our books, like bees, from the flowers—
Now, when June evenings are lit with star jewels,
Covering us softly with calm holy light—
Now, when our hearts beat in youth's hopeful measure,
We tenderly, solemnly bid you "Good Night."

Good-night and good-bye, to schoolroom and schoolmates,
Good-night and good-bye, to teachers we love.
We'll speed on life's journey, remembering ever,
Each path we may take leads to heaven above.
Shall we walk bravely in strength and in honor,
Or, stumble and weakly fall out by the way?
Parents and teachers have given wise counsel—
May God be our guide and our helper each day.

Out from this gay scene of flowers and music
We now must step forth into action and strife;
Crush back childish tears of schoolgirl and schoolboy,
And stubbornly struggle with problems of life.
Pray, O, our friends, that our heavenly Father
May never forsake us—nor we forsake him!
A light in the sky, gleams out from the future,
It beckons and calls us—it will not grow dim.

We'll store, in our hearts, this evening of beauty,
To cheer us and bless us along life's rough way;
Tho' o'er us come clouds, we'll smile in their shadow,
And cheerfully think of the joys of this day.
So out from this scene of light and of beauty,
With no sob in the heart—no tear in the eye,
We bravely go forth, to fields of the future,
While tenderly saying, "Good-night and Good-bye."

Wedding Chimes

FOR THOSE WHO ARE BOUND BY

“CHAIN OF LOVE AND RING OF GOLD.”



A LOVE SONG.

Affectionately indited to friends on the fifty-second anniversary
of their marriage.

I do not sing of the love of Spring,
Which may fly away on fancy's wing;
But love that has lived thro' smiles and tears
For more than half a hundred years;—
Such tender and faithful love—Ah, me!
Such beautiful love is rare to see—
And birds will sing it over and over
There's nothing so grand as a gray-haired lover.

O, youthful loves of today are sweet,
But the palm is not for their young feet;
They must wait till fifty years have fled
And then, if love be not cold, or dead,
I'll sing to them as I sing, today,
To these true lovers, aged and gray:—
That nothing so rare the blue sky covers
As the changeless faith of gray-haired lovers.

Dear friends, we greet you with song and praise,
We greet you with hope for lengthened days—
We greet you with prayer that God, above,
May hold you ever in His vast love,
And brighten the eve of life for you,
Till the light of heaven, itself, breaks through;
When vines and grasses shall weave the cover,
That shall hide from earth each gray true lover.

TO LYDIA.

On Her Wedding Day.

It seems but a little while, darling,
But a little while ago,
That I clasped you gently in my arms,
And, singing soft and low,
Lulled you to sleep at eventide,
Slow, rocking to and fro.

Yet, today you stand like a sweet blush rose,
With a dainty poise of head;
And kissing my faded, tear-stained cheek
With your young lips, warm and red,
Invoke my blessing on you and him
To whom you have just been wed.

And I ask myself "Was a miracle wrought,
When I was lost in sleep,
And an infant changed to a maiden, fair,
With a woman's feelings, deep,
While the trusting look of innocence
Her laughing eyes still keep?"

It must be so—it is surely so—
Else why was I not aware
That the little child I loved so well
Had a woman's queenly air,
And the courage to trust her fate to one
As only a woman dare.

Had courage to say, I will love for aye
And leave all ties behind,
Of playmate brother, of father and mother,
And friends who are true and kind,

And cling to one until death doth part
With love that is ever blind.

And my weary hands are in blessing laid
On the brow of husband and wife;—
May you walk with God in all your ways
And be shielded from sin and strife.—
But there goes with you, my precious girl,
The sunshine out of my life.

SILVER CHIMES.

To Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Dodge on the twenty-fifth anniversary
of their wedding.

A silver chime from silver bells
Falls softly on our ears;
It tells of hope, and trust, and love,
Through many fleeting years.—
Therefore, a greeting kind we bring
To wedded lovers true,
Whose hearts are pure as fragrant flowers,
Made sweet with honey dew.

Twenty-five years seem very long
When discord holds the sway,
But when love rules, the shining hours
Too swiftly glide away.
Twenty-five years bring much of change
To lovers young and fair;
Bring deeper thought, and broader views,
And, silver sprinkled hair.

They have brought bliss to these true hearts;
Brought cares, and joys, and fears;

Brought hopes that were not all fulfilled;
Brought sometimes bitter tears;
But thro' the tears, the fears, the joys,
Love's channel deeper grew—
Deeper and broader in its course—
Its banks all fresh with dew.

God has walked with them all the way—
The discipline they've felt
Has been received as from His hand
As at His feet they've knelt.
O God, depart thou not, we pray,
From these dear friends of ours;
Reveal the silver lining, bright,
When e'er a dark cloud lowers.

Still grant them of earth's goodly gifts
A very bounteous share;
Send only what is needed, Lord,
Of irksome toil and care.
And when their life-work all is done,
Still, Lord, Thy loved ones keep;
Touch tenderly their eyelids then
And gently give them sleep.

GOLDEN WEDDING SONNETS.

To Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Warner.

How beautiful, as near the close of day,
When a bright golden sunset paints the west,
To sit, with peace enfolded in the breast,
And calmly watch the sun's declining ray,
Dismayed not at the shadows turning gray;
Secure in Christian faith, long since confest,
That in His many mansions there is rest.
How blest to hold the faithful hand, that day,
That's wrought with thine thro' fifty well-spent years,
And feel there'll be within the other Land
No more sad partings, and no bitter tears,
But lasting union of the broken band.
O, when the sunset into night has rolled,
God grant to each a starry crown of gold.

SONNET NUMBER TWO.

To Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Sabin.

Honor and joy to grandly loyal hearts
Who, marching side by side for fifty years,
Have met life's many trials, cares and tears,
And victors been, with wisdom's blessed arts;
In youth they trusted God and knew no fears,
Their fondest hopes were all in Heaven's own marts,
And still they calmly march to where Death parts,
Ready to pass the gate when he appears.
Ever they looked, with faithful, rev'rent eye,
Upon the banner they in youth unfurled,
Which now has caught the hue of sunset's sky,
Forecasting pleasant days for the next world.
Their motto still—as in the days of old—
“In God we trust”—traced now in words of gold.

GOLDEN WEDDING GREETING.

To Mr. and Mrs. Edward Espenette.

In youth's glad time Hope is the morning star
That lures us on, with ever shifting rays,
While hand and heart receive deep wound and scar;
Then, lest we faint, it brighter seems to blaze
Until we mount, triumphant, o'er each bar
Which time or trouble in our paths may raise.
When lengthened shadows show the shortened days
Then, golden as Aurora's shining car,
Hope is the evening star in shadowed ways;
It makes the western windows seem like gold,
And cheers the earthly feet in earnest quest
Of pearly gate that guards the shelt'ring fold.
Gleam, star of Hope, in the world-weary breast;—
Keep heavenly bright the windows of the west.

LINES

On the marriage of Miss Hannah Vincent.

Just a lily of the valley, in her purity and grace;
She has blossomed here among us, with her modest, girlish face,
In our neighbors' well-kept garden, such a dainty, lovely flower—
'Tis not strange a heart should covet and transplant her to his
bower.

May the hand that takes the blossom from the parents' tender care
Give her ever love's blest sunshine, lest she droop in chilling air—
Be so faithful she may never miss a mother's gentle love,
Until God's own hand removes her to His garden fair above.

“SAM IS MARRIED.”

I think I had a lover once,
 (Quite sure, I am.)
I know I had a lover once,
 Whose name was Sam.

He followed closely in my wake,
 (Quite sure, I am.)
And kisses oft would give and take,—
 My darling Sam.

But years have drifted us apart,
 (Quite sure, I am.)
Another now has won his heart,—
 O, fickle Sam.

And I, I love them both, ah yes!
 (Quite sure, I am.)
And pray that God will kindly bless
 Sam's wife and Sam.

His heart beats warmly for me yet,
 (Quite sure, I am.)
As when so long ago my pet
 Was roguish Sam.

I'd scarcely seen of years a score,
 (Quite sure, I am.)
And he was three years old—not more—
 My lover Sam.

But now my hair is turning gray,
 (Quite sure, I am.)
While he is in his youth's heyday,
 Ernestine's Sam.

ELLA WHEELER—"MARRIED AND GONE."

O, friend, with the heart of the tropics
Aglow in your gentle breast;
Must I miss the sweet song-bird ever,
When I seek her dear old nest?
When again I enter, loved poet,
Your beautiful, sacred room—
Still sacred, but empty as rosebush
That is stripped of all its bloom—
It will seem to me like a casket
From whence the spirit has fled,
And my heart will bow down in sorrow
As in presence of the dead.

I have watched with wonder and gladness
(And never with envy blind)
Your brilliant wings bearing you skyward
While you left me far behind,
And known that I never could reach you
Yet hoping to stay so near,
That the voice so earnestly singing
Would come to my listening ear.
But now I think, with a smothered pang,
You are lost, to me, as the dead,
For your songs will only be echoes
Of the voice forever fled.

You, soaring off farther, and higher,
See all heaven's wide expanse:
While I amid ferns and rank grasses
Catch only of heaven a glance.
But if ever your wings grow weary
And sad the heart in your breast,
Come and part the weeds and the grasses
That lean o'er my rustie nest,

And you'll find in my simple bosom
A "poem of passion" for you,
So strong it will seem like an anthem:
So tender you'll know it is true.

RETALIATION.

Lines written for a friend and read by him at the wedding of his brother, when he presented him a sadly dilapidated shoe which had once been the property of the pretty, blushing bride.

Dear brother Jim, ten years I've owed
A debt of gratitude to you,
For all the blissful dreams I had
About my sweetheart's worn-out shoe;
And you, dear boy, you never knew
What dreams were conjured by that shoe.

'Twas such a dainty little thing,
And yet so cunningly could show,
The graceful instep's springing arch,
And where had cuddled each small toe;
With just a tiny, yawning gape,
Thro' which the great toe might escape.

'Twas your kind hand unearthed it, Jim,
And kept it e'er before my eyes,
By day and night, till it became
A sort of Cinderella prize.
And in my heart I pitied you,
For you'd no sweetheart's cast-off shoe.

But now the time has come when I
Can pay you back in your own coin.

And that you guard this treasure well
Thro' change and time, I you enjoin.—
“Old shoes bring luck”—I know they do;
And here's your sweethearts cast-off shoe.

You quoted “Mother Goose” to me—
Now, had I time, I'd quote to you;
But like that dame, of worried fame,
I sometimes “don't know what to do”—
But this I frankly say to you,
My fondest dreams have all come true.

Knowing full well what visions haunt
A pretty sweetheart's half-worn shoe,
I've had some trouble and expense
To get this precious thing for you.—
O, count it not a trifling toy,
A brother's love goes with it, boy.

TO FRED AND EVA

On their wedding day.

What wish shall I offer at your shrine—
What flowers in friendship's garland twine—
What glowing star invoke to shine—
What prayer shall I breathe, dear friends of mine?

I wish that your lives may be calm and sweet;
That affection's flowers hide the thorns complete;
That the star of love ever guide your feet,
And I pray that in heaven at last you meet.

RELINQUISHMENT.

Loiter, Time! Oh, wait a little!
Let me live the past once more;
That brief space when earth and heaven
Met and blended on one shore.
Ah! the years have chased each other
Since my first-born treasure lay
On my breast, a gift from heaven,
That glad sunny morn in May.
Then I builded wondrous fancies
On a great and noble plan
For what seemed his far-off future,
When my boy would be a man.

How I loved him! proudly noting
All his progress day by day;
On his curls there seemed a halo
As he knelt by me to pray.
Once I felt a passing sorrow
And the tears o'er-ran my eyes,
While I clasped him closer, closer,
Till he looked up in surprise;
Quick, in sympathy, his tears came,
Tho' too young a word to speak,
He, with soft and gentle fingers,
Wiped the tears from off my cheek.

I rebuked my spirit's weakness;
I rebuked my tearful eyes,
For thus bringing needless shadow
O'er my darling's sunny skies;
Schooled my lips to smile in sorrow;
Schooled my eyes to tearless grief;
Tho' his sympathy, unspoken,
Gave my heart a sweet relief;

It recalled that gracious promise
That grows brighter every day,
How a hand, soft as a baby's,
Shall wipe every tear away.

Now, a man, he stands before me,
Proud and happy as a king,
Saying:—"Mother, give thy blessing,
I to thee a daughter bring—
Bring a daughter, like a lily,
Pure and very fair to see;—
It will be Ruth and Naomi,
I am sure, with her and thee."
So my heart calls out its welcome,
And I pray the God above
To watch over her in kindness,
Guard and bless her in His love.

Life is made of joy and sorrow,
Both are from the Master's hand,
Sent in discipline and kindness,
Tho' we may not understand.
Kneel and pray, in faith, my children,
As beside a mother's knee,
With heaven's halo on thy foreheads,
Asking God thy guide to be.
And when comes some passing sorrow
Each be comforter and stay,
And with hand kind as a baby's
Wipe each other's tears away.

O, my son, be grandly loyal
To the heart that trusts in thee;
Train thyself in manly virtues,
Let thy smile her sunshine be.
My own son, I now relinquish
All first claims—the seal is set—

But amid new joys and duties,
 Darling, never quite forget
The old home—its desolation—
 Where the parents sit alone
Lacking sunshine, laughter, music—
 Since their children all have flown.

TO LOIS R.

Like a bird that climbs to the nest's rim
And looks with bright young eyes
On fields that are lying broad and fair,
And tree-tops 'gainst the skies,
And thinks: "The world is very wide—
This nest is too small for me—
I will try my wings in the summer air;
They will bear me light and free."

With never a thought of lurking foes
Or hawks that soar in the sky,
But flutters away from its nestling mates
With a cheerfully chirped "Good bye."
Ah! so you seem, fair thoughtless girl,
To one who has learned the world.
But I trust the wings so lightly spread
In the bower of love are furled.
May the hand that so soon has stopped your flight
Be ever tender and true;
May the Heavenly Father be with you both
And guide you in all you do.

“BONNY KATE.”

(Announcement of marriage engagement.)

O bonny Kate, what have we done,
That you, the youngest, dearest one
Of all the household band,
Should turn from ev'ry old home flower,
And pledge to light some other bower
With your true heart and hand.

Full well I know that you will say:
True love is broad as charity—
Your heart can hold us all.—
So be it, then, and we'll agree
To live in pleasant harmony,
Whatever may befall.

God grant long life and happiness,
And love we may not half express,
To hearts so close allied
That all the world is naught beside,
To this prospective groom and bride,
Whose tryst is gaily cried.

Then clink the glasses cheerily,
And pledge with joy so merrily;
For here's to love—not hate—
And welcome in the family,
Without an idle homily,
The choice of bonny Kate.

SILVER BELLS.

Addressed to Col. and Mrs. C. E. Warner on the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage.

How is this—are you speaking in jest, or in truth,
When you bid us believe that the days of your youth
Have sped onward and on since the day you were wed,
Till a century's quarter, forever, has fled?

You are wrong, you may tell it to others—not me—
I'll count up on my fingers, and prove it, you see—
There were five years, you know, that passed off like one June;
The whole earth seemed so bright, and both hearts so in tune;
Then five more, nicely balanced with shadow and sun;
And another five years, that flew happily on,
And yet five, and five more—sure as I am alive—
I beg pardon—you're right—it is just twenty-five.

Twenty-five silver years, all burnished and bright
Since there came in our midst, with a heart warm and light,
A slender young bride, with calm, beautiful eyes;
And dignified ways, in fair maidenly guise;
She had deft willing hands, that were dainty and white,
And silken brown hair that reflected the light.
There was tint like the sweet briar rose on her face;
Like waving of grain were her movements of grace.

She had kind, gracious words, and a glad cheerful smile,
And we felt that her heart was unsullied by guile;
So, we proffered our friendship,—she met us half way,—
And it never has waned from that hour to this day.
We loved her at once, and we whispered a prayer
To our Father to keep the young wife in His care,
To bless bride and groom, and to lead them aright,—
And we softly re-utter that prayer on this night.

TO MR. AND MRS. CLAUDIUS ELLIS.

(On their golden wedding day.)

A half a hundred years ago, in April's sunny weather,
You started out with hands enclasped, to climb life's hill together;
Today you've reached the golden gate, and while it stands ajar,
You pause to take a backward look, where youth gleams like a star.
For more than eighteen thousand days you've traveled on together,
And it were strange if in that time there'd been no cloudy
weather;

But now the golden sun sets clear, forecasting a bright morrow,
Beyond the hills of pain and death, where there is no more sorrow.

We crowd around to hear you tell of the days of long ago;
Children and children's children come their greetings to bestow;
And she, your best beloved, is here, although unseen, unheard,
Her presence dwells in all our hearts, and speaks in each fond word.
And they, the two white lambs, that fled ere marked by grief or
care,

Lay angel hands, in tenderness, upon your silvered hair;
While we, who walk the busy world, in pathways grave or gay,
Invoke God's blessing on you both, this golden wedding day.

BERTHA'S FAREWELL TO MARY.

Thou art leaving us now, dear Mary,
Thou art breaking the sweet home ties;
And tho' smiles on our lips are beaming,
There's a mist of tears in our eyes.
And tho' often we still may see thee,
It will never be quite the same;
For the new tie changes the heart, dear,
As sure as it changes the name.

New home, and new hopes, and new duties,
Will wean constant thought from the old;
But never forget, sister Mary,
That there's love that is purer than gold,
In hearts of the sisters and brothers,
In heart of our own mother, dear,
Who so nobly hath wrought for her children,
Thro' many a wearisome year.

If sorrow should ever assail thee,
Nowhere upon earth wilt thou see
True helpers, more kind or devoted
Than we, thy own kindred will be.
We bid thee good-bye, with a blessing
On thee, and on him of thy choice;
We drop all our own selfish sorrow,
With thee and with him to rejoice.

TO MISS ALICE SABIN

On her wedding day.

PROLOGUE.

Let Alice go, without a parting shot?
Let her go thus? Indeed, no; I will not.
Whoever thinks so doesn't know "what's what."

I ought to spare her, for her lover's sake?
Not I.—Who comes within my range must take
At least one chance.—This rule I never break.

Yet anxious friends need scarcely fear and quake,
If they do see what careful aim I take—
I always use blank cartridge—of poor make.

Sometimes to steady down my nerve, I first
Load with a sonnet,—then I'm at my worst—
Half fearful that the blunderbuss will burst.

Spare Alice? No, indeed; my heart replies.—
So face the gun. Don't shut your dear brown eyes—
Ready—aim—fire! (Ah, swift a sonnet flies.)

SONNET.

Dearly loved friend, I send you greeting true—
Greeting and wishes—on your wedding day;
And that my wishes be not vain, I pray;
Far from my warm heart's heart they go to you.
I wish, that your life's sky be ever blue,
With tender shadows, that shall tone the ray
Of the bright sun, throughout the live-long day,
Till comes the twilight, with its cooling dew.
And wish that when your day draws to its close,
And your kind eyes behold the setting sun
Sinking, where gorgeous color grandly glows,
You'll feel that life's best prizes have been won;
Then pass forth, as the sun in glory goes,
While from the Master's lips you hear "Well done."

TO SISTER ALICE.

On her wedding day.

So this is your birthday, Alice dear. Well! time does fly apace.
We could almost think it only a year since a weep pink baby face
Was clasped so close to the mother's heart, and looked with wondering eyes

At the father, prattling baby talk while it cooed its sweet replies.
'Twas a beautiful picture, the angels know. But time can never delay;

And the scene is changed to a chubby girl, with a dress of crimson gay,

Flitting merrily through the house, in a childish, sweet unrest,
With flying curls of darkest brown, and a royal power possess.

A power we scarcely understand, so strong, and yet so mild,
There is none so stubborn in all the land but is led by a little child.

The youngest, they say, grow never old, but keep their delicate grace

Like the ivy that clings to a crumbling wall, and brightens a dreary place.

'Tis a lovely picture we see today, of a proud and stately maid,
With a far-off look in her large dark eyes and in bridal robes arrayed,

With only a glance at the written past, she flings it carelessly down

And fearless, speaks the solemn vow, that gives her the wifely crown.

O, the wondrous depth of human trust, that clasps an untried hand
To be all-in-all; and bids farewell to the household's sheltering band!

Ah, pity any whose trust is vain; who lean on a heart untrue;
The angels must cover their eyes and weep, when a scene so sad they view.

God bless you sister, and brother dear, thro' all the years of your
life!

May one the kindest husband prove, and one the noblest wife.

And when you enter your new made home, God's presence be
found therein;

May it never depart, and never decrease, but keep out the shadow
of sin.

TO MRS. LOIS A. WHEELER.

On the thirtieth anniversary of her wedding.

And can it be that thirty years have passed since you were wed?

And can it be the years have thus so lightly o'er you sped?

I look upon your face still fair, and say it can't be true;

Time seldom leaves such gentle marks as he has left on you.

Your form still keeps its girlish grace, your lips the smile of
youth—

Ah! naught, except your silvered hair, seems telling quite the
truth.

And wifely cares, and motherhood have left but little trace:

Because on God your cares were cast, with trusting christian
grace.

O, gentle queen of home's blest realm, yours is a sweet reward;

Husband and children speak your praise, and safe your welfare
guard.

My earnest wish for you and yours, is everlasting peace;

May all be gathered in one home, when earthly life shall cease.

TO MR. AND MRS. JAMES CLEMENTS.

On the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding.

Ring, wedding bells, that gaily chimed, with music sweetly
golden;

A half a century ago, for hearts in love enfolden.

Ring sweet and clear, ring soft and low, for they have paused to
listen,

Whose hearts with truth are still aglow, whose eyes with love
still glisten.

Thy glad voice drowns the memory of toil, and care and sorrow,
And wakens pleasures tenderly to cheer each coming morrow.

Forgotten be the gloomy clouds of leafless, bleak December
And summer skies and flowers of Spring be all that they remem-
ber.

What! Springtime flowers? Nay, golden grain should crown this
golden wedding,

When blessings on a great-grandchild the bride and groom are
shedding.

Aye, golden sheaves of ripened grain they're bearing toward the
portal

Of that blest city, new, yet old, where life begins immortal.

And when they reach that mystic bourne where angel choirs are
singing,

Within their eyes shall nevermore the blinding tears be springing;

For there, all tears are wiped away,—so says the story olden,—

And crowns await the faithful ones, inside the gateway, golden.

BABY SISTER.

On the marriage of my youngest sister.

Dear little baby sister, —There! now you need not pout,
And say you're not a baby: and you wish I'd find it out.—
“Dear little baby sister” was what I called you, sweet,
When first I kissed your little face, and small pink hands, and
feet;

So I must sometimes call you, as long as I'm alive,
Whether I live a hundred years or only ninety-five.
I can't forget the baby I tried to get to laugh,
Before she'd dwelt upon the earth an hour and a half.

You don't remember that, dear,—Well, the older children do—
My ignorance of baby ways, they made me sadly rue.
They hectored and they teased me, till I wished the tiny thing
Had ne'er flown down from Heaven, without a single wing.
I didn't mind it much, dear, that from my mother's knee
The pink-faced little stranger, unfeeling, crowded me,
For I loved you, O, so fondly; and say it, to your praise,
No other baby ever had such pretty, dainty ways.

Still, I see you as the baby I rocked in joy and pride —
And now you write and tell me you are a happy bride.
Into the glass I'm gazing, my brow and hair to scan,
To see if I can trace there, when age with me began:
Of course I must be aged, since you are now a wife
And I can well remember when first began your life.
I pause, and think, and wonder how time can fly so fast;
We scarcely see the present before it joins the past.

And yet, in all this hurry, there's time for deepest woe;
May God so guard you, darling, its depths you ne'er may know.
Sometimes, his ways seem strange, dear; we cannot understand—
But bless both joy and sorrow, when coming from His hand;
A crown awaits the faithful, who cling unto the cross;

And what is sent to us as gain, we often count as loss.
God bless you and your chosen one, thro' a long wedded
life—
May he a tender husband prove, and you a loving wife.

TO EDITH.

With wedding gift of a cake knife.

Some people say, and claim 'tis true,
That knife-gifts cut fond love in two—
But that it's false, I'll prove to you.

Just take this shining blade and draw
Across love's cords, and cut and saw,
You'll find it leaves no wound or flaw.

But try it on your wedding cake
And see what havoc it will make—
Then for such use, the gift please take.

TO R. L. S.

On his wedding day.

I give it back, the little silken curl,
I've treasured since a happy-hearted girl,
I clipped it from your shining, baby head;
The very first that from your locks was shred.

They say that when a man secures a wife,
His locks grow ever thinner in the strife:—
But Rob, this is no gentle hint from me,
This little curl is not a wig—you see.

TO EDNA CLEMENTS.

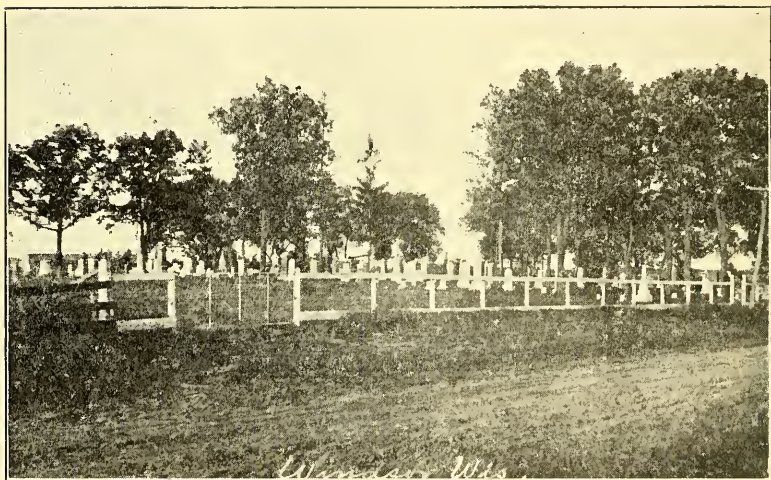
I rose this morning early and scanned the sky around,
No humid clouds were low'ring, no gloomy shadows frowned;
I thought of the old omen, and said O, God, I pray
The life of this young bride be fair, as is her wedding day;
But if a cloud should e'er appear, then may her eyes so blue
E'er see the silver lining bright, in beauty shining through.

In Memory

OF THOSE WHO HAVE

ENTERED INTO ENDLESS LIFE.





UNSEEN—YET NEAR.

O, tell me not that they, whose lives have been
Entwined with ours, so that our hearts were torn
When they went forth unto that mystic bourne,
Rest ever, calm and cold, the grave within,
Unheeding all our love, our tears, our sin.
When our grieved hearts call to them, day or night,
They come, invisible to mortal sight,
And back to peace, our troubled souls they win.
Altho' no tears for our sad lot may flow,
Because God's perfect plan to them is known;
May they not be to us in time of woe
A "very present help" when Christ-like grown?
They may be—and they are—it must be so;
Else naught but death itself could soothe our woe.

“HE IS NOT HERE—HE IS RISEN.”

Deacon Samuel A. Warner, who died in March, 1883.

Loving and loved—and yet he hath departed
And left all those that knew him heavy hearted.
Left all of us, with tear-choked voices trying
To calmly say, “He in the grave is lying.”
We all, his neighbors, think with sudden pain,
His presence ne’er can bless our homes again.
It seemed a benediction when he came;
We always spoke, with reverent love, his name.—
Pleased that he tarried in our midst awhile —
We treasured up his words and cheerful smile,
And said unto our children, “Would that you
Might be like that good man—so wise—so true.”
If ever words were whispered ’gainst his name,
Unto my ears that whisper never came.
He will be missed within the house of God,
More sacred seems the aisle, so oft he trod.
His influence ends not in his narrow grave
But widens like the circles of a wave.
We will remember, long as life shall last,
Some living truths he uttered in the past.
The world is better for his life of faith,
And sad it is to yield him up to death.
And they, his kindred, more than all the rest,
How they must miss him, let their grief attest.
’Twere vain to say “This is no time for tears—
He was prepared, and well advanced in years;”—
All this they know—but nature must have sway
Until an angel rolls the rock away.
For her, the faithful one, who fifty years
Shared with him all life’s blessings and its tears,
“Lo, I am with you always”—One has said,
And by His words may she be comforted.

Sad is the home where he was wont to kneel,
With children, and children's children, to appeal
Daily to God for grace to walk aright,
And thank the Giver of all blessings bright.

But God unto his loved ones giveth sleep,
So, o'er his frame stole slumber, calm and deep.
Who knows the mystery of that midnight hour,
When life to death was yielding up the power?
What vision to those sleeping eyes was given—
Did shining ladder reach from earth to heaven,
Where angel forms descending and ascending
Made earth and heaven to seem more closely blending?
Perhaps there came unto his quickened ear
Celestial music, tremulous or clear.
We well may deem bright wings were hovering there,
That halo rested on his silvered hair;
While angel voices softly whispered, "Come!
O, pure and faithful spirit, welcome home."

TRIBUTE

To the memory of Mrs. Martha Simonds Warner, who died Aug. 19, 1907,
aged ninety-seven years.

She waited long, while soft waves lapped the shore,
In rhythmic sweep, from unseen, muffled oar.
She waited, while the boatman, pale, oft came
Close to her side and called some loved one's name.
She murmured not—e'er saying God knew best
The time to summon her to heavenly rest.
And so, thro' restless nights and weary days
She lingered on—speaking the Father's praise.

Wearily listening for the mystic oar,
She fell asleep, to wake on earth no more;
The boatman came, and with a gentle hand,
Bore her, still sleeping, to the Other Land
Where many mansions are—where loved ones wait
With words of welcome, at the open gate.
Did not a song of triumph throb and ring,
When she awoke in presence of the King?

O, sainted one! we, who have looked to you
For an example grand, and strong, and true,
Sit in our homes, disconsolate, tonight,
Since you have passed beyond our earthly sight.—
Serene and queenly, strong and gracious too,
Whate'er was right you ever dared to do;
No sound uncertain; all could understand—
And weaker mortals clung unto your hand.

And we shall miss you, all the coming years,
Shall miss your smile, your sympathetic tears;
Your censure just; your counsel true and wise.—
To whom shall we now turn beneath the skies?
Her pallid lips seem voicing this reply:
"My friends, seek counsel from the One most high;
E'er do His will, whatever may betide;
Trust Him, who for our sins was crucified."

MADE WHOLE.

Written on the death of Miss Mamie C., who was lame
from early childhood.

Within Bethesda's porches, around the healing pool,
The lame, the blind, the withered lay in the shadows cool;
And one, in faith, had waited so wearily, and long,
While others pressed before him, returning healed and strong.
Christ came and stood beside him, he heard the weary sighs,
His heart was moved by sorrow, and pity filled his eyes;
His words had healing in them, no moment he delayed,
His kind command to "Rise, and walk," was instantly obeyed.

Thus came the Great Physician, in kindness, to your home,
Touching your patient darling, and softly saying "Come!"
"Arise and walk," he whispered, "and leave this hind'ring
clay."—

Waving her hand to loved ones, her pure soul sped away.
Thro' star-lit fields, elysian, she followed where he led,
To join the throng, immortal;—O, shall we call her dead?—
Today, in strength and beauty, and sweet, angelic grace,
She walks in heavenly mansions, where he prepared a place.

MISS IDA FARWELL.

Like a fair and stately lily Ida grew,
Graceful and gentle, beautiful and true.
All loved her, but one truth I may attest,
They surely loved her most, who knew her best.

Even when an infant in her mother's arms
She seemed endowed with more than childish charms,
And all through girlhood, her sweet, modest ways
Won honest words of freely given praise.

And tho' her songs on earth we'll hear no more,
We know she sings upon the other shore,
And waits to greet with gentle word and smile
Those who must tarry here a little while.

TO BETH.

O, sunny-haired baby,—O, wondering Beth!
Coping so young, with the mystery of death;—
The mystery that sealed smiling lips and fond eyes
Till they gave back no more tender smiles or replies.

Sweet innocent prattler, how little you know
Your words like a harsh hand, were dealing a blow
On a grief-stricken heart, as you called in your glee,
To a stone-silent form, "Papa, peep-boo to me.

Ah, never before, little Beth, did you cry
To the father who loved you, and gain no reply;—
All your loss, little girl, you do not comprehend;
Tho' they tell you, each day, you can not understand.

It is well, Baby Beth, God has spared you the pain
Of knowing, in full, all the loss you sustain.
You can scarce keep a memory, as years roll away,
Of the father you loved, who was buried today.

LINES

On the death of Miss Martha A. Chamberlain.

While still the songs of Easter,
 With their jubilant refrain,
Filled our hearts with hope and gladness,
 Like a rainbow after rain—
“Christ is risen! Christ is risen,
 From the bondage of the tomb;
Nevermore can doubts assail us,
 For the grave has lost its gloom.”

While the blessed echoes lingered
 Then the solemn words were said:—
“She, the friend we loved and cherished,
 Lies in silence with the dead.”
Though our human tears are falling,
 Though our human hearts may bleed,
Still our faith repeats the echo,
 “‘She, with Christ, is risen indeed.”

Faithful daughter, loving sister;
 Loyal friend in social band;
Kind mother of the motherless,
 Who ruled with tender hand—
Every place she filled with honor.
 Ours the loss, but hers the gain,
She is with her Lord and Master,
 Risen above all tears and pain.

TOMMY.

I knew a sweet-faced child—a brown-eyed little boy—
Whose ways were kind and mild, whose heart o'erflowed with joy;
A chore boy on the farm, whistling so blithe and gay,
Harboring no thought of harm—cheerful each busy day.

And often, from the fields, he brought me fair wild flowers,
Whose perished beauty yields sweet mem'ries for these hours.
Once eagerly, tho' shy, he called me to the door
To view the western sky, brighter than golden ore.
I never shall forget the look within his eyes,
As tho' Heaven's joy he'd met, with pleasure and surprise;
And in my heart I thought: "Ah, little lad, not long
You'll walk this earth that's fraught with far more grief than song."

A few brief years sped by, and manhood's earliest flush
Crowned the fair, gentle boy, bringing no shameful blush.
But suddenly one day, a neighbor came and said,
"The grave had closed, for aye, above my friend's young head."
Thro' tears I said, "Amen." His soul is safe with God—
Safer by far than when the paths of life he trod.
And I believe his eyes look, with enraptured gaze,
On scenes more fair than skies bright with the sunset's blaze.

A TREASURE IN HEAVEN.

Affectionately inscribed to a sorrowing mother.

What God has lent is still his own,
And 'tis his right to give or take;
He sees the future, as the past,
And knows how human hearts may ache.
He takes the little child we love
And bears it to eternal bliss;
While we stretch out our empty hands
For that which we so sadly miss.

We groan in anguish o'er our loss,
And wildly question, "Why, O, why
Was this sweet treasure of our hearts
Doomed thus in childhood's hour to die?"
O, could we see, with eye Supreme,
All that the future years may tell,
How thankfully we then might say,
"Our God is love—He doeth well."

The death pang, that released the soul,
Was naught compared with pangs that wait
For every one who passes on,
From childhood's day thro' manhood's gate.
Our blinding tears fall on the mound
That hides our loved one from our sight;
We turn from our great Comforter,
And day seems darker than the night.

We loved them so—we loved them so—
Our precious jewels, flawless, rare—
We longed to keep them in our hands,
Nor yield them to the Master's care.
But sometime on our hearts will fall
The gentler dew of His great love;
And we shall know he keeps for us,
Our jewels in His home above.

Tho' all things else may change or fade,
Our early lost remain the same;—
Spotless forever, in God's sight,
Our own, which we again may claim.
Our own awaiting us in heaven,—
At longest, 'tis a little space,
Till we again shall clasp the hand,
Till we shall kiss the angel face.

MRS. EDNA ELLIS.

(Died in Idaho.)

O, sweet young face, forever hid
Under the flowers and coffin lid;

O, artist hands, now cold and still,
Once busy with their wondrous skill;

O, happy heart, too soon to go,
And leave thy loved ones bowed in woe;

Why wert thou called away so soon,
Before thy life had reached its noon?

We can but pause and wonder why
The young, the beautiful should die.

Mid falling tears, we say farewell,
And strive to think "God doeth well."



ONE YEAR AGO.

In memory of Mrs. Sarah J. Haswell, who died on her eighty-seventh birthday.

One year ago, neighbors, with kindly thought,
Unto this friend their loving tribute brought,
Of flowers and words, to cheer her natal day,
For she had come a long and weary way.
She took the little gifts with childlike glee,
With thanks, and witty words, that e'er flowed free;
We, wishing glad returns be many more,
Left her, still smiling, by the cottage door.

One little year has fled and now we bring,
With love and tears, a floral offering;
She lies asleep, and so she can not know,
That o'er her bed is heaped, like drifts of snow,
Choice flowers, which she would take and thankful prize,
If she could lift the lids of her brown eyes.
Happy and peaceful looks she, lying there,
Pure as the flowers, and just as sweet and fair.

We loved to hear her tell of days of youth:
Words from her lips e'er bore the stamp of truth;
She kept the faith—to duty never blind—
And finished all the work to her assigned;
Loyal she was to neighbor and to friend,
Faithful to kindred, till life's peaceful end;
Her gratitude to God, for blessings given,
Rose up like incense from her heart to heaven.

In mortal life she lived the Eternal life;
In faith beheld the land that knows not strife,
And the fair gates of pearl, the shining shore,
Where loved ones wait, who have gone on before.
And she was just in all life's walks and ways,
And wrought her best throughout her mortal days.
This is her heavenly birthday, and we all
Leave her asleep beneath a floral pall.

INTO SILENCE.

Into the silence thou art gone
My best beloved, my loving one,—
Into the silence, dark and lone.

I call thy name, with bated breath,
I pray thee, come from realm of death;
But no soft whisper answereth.

Again I pleading cry to thee,
Canst thou not hear; canst thou not see?
Oh, my loved one, come back to me!

In vain I call—in vain implore—
Silence grows deeper than before;
Eternal silence—nothing more.



"SHE IS DEAD."

(Mrs. Edith Crosse Gleason.)

"Young, pure, wise, good and beautiful,"
Such fervent words of her were said
When she of hope and life was full;
Now, in hushed tones, they say "She's dead."
Dead! What a hopeless word to speak
Of one so gifted and so fair,
Ere time, of beauty robbed the cheek
Or touched with frost the dark brown hair.

Dead! Just when motherhood had crowned
Her woman-heart— a loved young wife—
The ties of earth thus strongly bound —
How can it be the end of life?
Is it the end? Ah, Christian faith!
How blest a boon to those who mourn —
Life ends not with the last-drawn breath,
It still goes on in heaven's bourn.

We wonder, in our dull, blind way,
Why God a hopeful, glad heart stills,
When there are souls that long and pray
To be released from earthly ills.
How hard it is through falling tears,
And bitter sobs—they best can tell
Who face with empty arms the years —
To say, "God doeth all things well."

A PIONEER AT REST.

(E. P. Sherman)

Close up the ranks, old pioneers, for another one is gone;
We shall miss his well-known figure, as we see you marching on.
Here he came in early manhood, as a stalwart pioneer,
Shared with you those early hardships, struggled on from year
to year.

In those days that tried men's mettle, was he not a factor then?
Who among you made more effort to promote your fellow men?
If he erred sometimes in judgment, his good deeds might well
atone.—

If there's one among you sinless, be the first to cast a stone.
Was he not a zealous worker? I believe he wrought his best;
You perhaps had done no better with the tools that he possessed.
As a teacher and exhorter, and a public-minded man,
Ever led by his convictions, he was foremost in the van.

Rough and rugged as the forests and the hills from whence he
came,

Yet his voice was soft and tender when he spoke his mother's
name;—

He who bears his mother's memory, like a flower in his breast,
Keeps his footsteps heavenward trending, howe'er tempted or op-
pressed.

All his soul was stirred by music, as a willow by the breeze;
May the ears so tuned to cadence, list to heavenly melodies.
They will miss him in his household, as they mourn in solitude:—
Miss the loving faithful husband, miss the father kind and good.

MRS. EMILY MILLER.

Ere yet the hand of time had frosted o'er
The silken luster of the soft brown hair,
Or bowed the shoulders with the weight of years,
Or drawn deep furrows on the forehead fair;
While yet the children needed mother care,
And tender sympathy, from day to day;
There came the summons dread, imperative,
Which those who hear may never disobey.

The Master's voice said softly: "Daughter, come!
Leave all the earthly ties thou holdest dear;
Leave husband, children, friends, tho' o'er thy tomb
They each shall shed full many a bitter tear;
Leave the fair earthly home where love has reigned,
And made the days fly merrily away;
Leave all without a shadow of regret,
Thy cares upon me thou canst freely lay;
I will be near thy loved ones, morn and night;
My hand shall soothe their hearts and dry their tears;
And heaven, when thou art there, shall be the goal
Their feet shall seek, through all the coming years."
She heard the call and followed silently,
Knowing the Father's promises are sure;
For tho' all else may change, or pass away,
His faithful Word shall evermore endure.

RUBY FULLER.

This precious little one, who died ere she was four years old, had a wonderful voice. I have heard her sweetly trilling difficult tunes when only a babe in her mother's arms.

In the matchless choir of Heaven,
Where children's voices ring
In a never-ending anthem,
Praising their Lord and King,
There was lacking one soft cadence—
And an angel, pure and fair,
Listening to earthly voices,
Chose one, most sweetly rare.

Then your darling's voice went trilling,
Like the lark's song to the sky—
Went, carolling away from earth
Till it joined the choir on high:
And your hearts will cherish ever
Your song-bird flown away,
And hear a faint sweet echo
Bidding you "trust and obey."

O, there was joyful welcome,
Inside the gate of pearl,
When Christ clasped to his bosom
Your sweet-voiced little girl.
And today, your blessed Ruby,
Your priceless household gem,
Is one of precious jewels
In the Master's diadem.

ASLEEP ON THE SAVIOUR'S BREAST.

(Joy Jerome Raymond.)

O, many times, in summer days, I've walked with loit'ring feet,
Enchained by the sight of children, in dooryard green and neat;
Smiling to see their careless play, to hear their merry shout;
Forgetting all life's weariness, while happy laughs rang out.

And often after passing on, remembrance of the sight
Has lingered with me and has made my heart seem young and
light;

Unconsciously the little ones a mission, kind, performed—
A wayside sermon seemed their play, by which my heart was
warmed.

But if I pass that way again when flowers hem the street
I shall miss from midst the children, a bright face young and
sweet—

Shall miss the very gayest voice of all the childish band;
Shall miss the swiftest little feet, and deftest boyish hand.

For death has touched the happy group and taken Joy away,
Leaving a shadow in the home where hearts were light and gay.
Sad mourning friends, O, think of him as on the Saviour's breast—
For He has called him:—and be sure the Lord's will is the best.
No tears can ever dim his eyes, no sorrow bow his form;
He's safe from all temptation's wiles, and every earthly storm.
O, happy thought, for parents' hearts,—when grown-up children
roam,

One precious little child is yours, safe in the heavenly home.

MRS. W. H. CHANDLER.

(Buried in Windsor, February 10, 1893.)

My heart was holding a promise,
Which I thought of day by day,
While waiting its sweet fulfilment,
Till winter should pass away.
She would visit me in the spring-time,
When skies would be warm and blue—
This friend of many vanished years,
This friend who was ever true.

She'd visit her old-time neighbors,
Where she dwelt in youth's fair morn,
Here, where her loved ones are buried,
Here, where her children were born,
Where her name is ever mentioned
With loving and honest praise,
For the many deeds of kindness
She did in the by-gone days.

She dared to befriend the friendless,
To hold out a gracious hand
To the poor, the sick, the outcast;
Thus helping the weak to stand.
Her low, soft tones were like music,
Her words were like apples of gold
In dainty pictures of silver—
In remembered days of old.

I planned to make glad her visit—
I would coax the flowers to bloom
To brighten my humble dwelling
Against the time she would come.
Thus was I planning, this winter,
For her visit kind would be
To one who has lack of sunshine,
Like sun to a shaded tree.

She came without word of greeting,
As cold as the winter day,
While snow was drifting and drifting
And spring-time still far away.
She came, and alas! the promise
I was holding in happy trust
Was shattered, on earth, forever,
By the sad words, "dust to dust."

For we saw the grave close over,
The form of our cherished friend:
But we know there will come a spring-time
After life's winter shall end,
When we'll meet our lost and loved ones,
With no cloud o'er heart or brain,
In the land that has no partings,
No death, no sorrow, no pain.

HON. W. H. CHANDLER.

(Died March 24, aged 70 years.)

King-like he stood among his fellow men;
A God-made king, of noble, stately mien,
And gracious dignity, and ways serene,
From early manhood, to three-score and ten.
Storms surged around him, sorrows smote his breast,
Yet grandly stood he 'neath each giant shock,
Undaunted, and unyielding as a rock;
Firm in the christian's faith, ever confest,
That what the Master sends is for the best.
He shielded tenderly his own home band;
And reached to penury a helping hand,
Honored by all—by high and lowly blest.
The Father saw his works and said: "My son,
Rest from thy labors; they have been well done"



FALLEN ASLEEP.

(Mrs. Eleanor Davis.)

Could any wish her longer here to stay
When he was gone, who made her earthly day?
Her faithful soul must follow where he went,
Their hearts were like two drops of water blent;
And they had dwelt together many years,
Had shared each other's joys and cares and tears,
And so the pitying Father would not keep
Their souls apart, and she has fallen asleep.

They were my friends and neighbors in the past,
I loved them and my tears are falling fast,
For I no more upon the earth shall see
Their gentle faces kindly beam on me;
But I shall not forget those bygone days,
The many kindly acts and gracious ways;
And how she counselled prayer in sorrows deep,
And prayed for me before she fell asleep.

I never passed an hour within her home
But she conversed of God, and life to come,
And spoke of those who had gone on before
Who waited for her on the "blessed shore."
Yet she was faithful in all walks of life—
A wise good mother, a true hearted wife,
And God's commands she never failed to keep,
And so He loved her and He gave her sleep.

FOREVER SAFE.

(Little Freddie Chamberlain.)

O, the earth is cold, and the earth is white,
With the snow that falls and drifts tonight;
And as cold and white as the drifting snow
Is the baby face that, a week ago,
Was flushed with health, like a rose in bloom,
But is hidden now in the silent tomb.

No blemish the little white hands will know,
Folded in purity under the snow,
And the dainty form, so perfect and fair,
No markings of sorrow or age will bear.
For the Saviour holds him in soft embrace,
Where His angels do ever behold His face.

TO A FRIEND

In memory of her mother.

Dear friend, I fain would speak a few kind words
Of her, who fondly loved the flowers and birds;
Who even cherished that small common weed,
With golden crown, that typifies indeed,
The holy Trinity.—The Master's hand
She saw in it, and she could understand.

He called his own.—She softly closed her eyes,
Which opened, but to see with glad surprise,
Birds, flowers and trees, upon the other shore,
Fairer than any she had known before;
She smiled in rapture, from all earth-care free,
Blest, with the blessed, by the One-in-Three.

TRUST.

(To Mrs. C. J. D.)

Dear friend, bowed low and sorrowing,
In shadow of affliction's wing,
Look up! Beside thee stands a Friend,
Who from beginning, sees the end;
He knows the discipline we need,
And grieves o'er wounded hearts that bleed;
His pitying eyes for thee are dim,
Rise up, kind heart, and comfort Him.

He knows the crosses that we bear,
He shaped them with a father's care;
In loving kindness they were made,
And on our shrinking shoulders laid;
Nought goes unheeded 'neath the eyes
Of Him, who rules the earth and skies;
And tho' his ways we may not trace,
Let us believe and trust his grace.

When loved ones enter into rest,
We must believe that God knows best;
Nor should we blindly grieve that they
Have gone ahead a little way,
Where peacefully, they calmly wait
To greet us when we pass death's gate.
God notes a tiny sparrow's fall,
His tender hand is over all.

Earth's crosses, whether thine or mine,
Were surely shaped by hand divine;
And tho' in agony we cry
"O, Father! let this cup pass by"—
It may not be,—and with the Son
Still let us say "God's will be done."
His ways are ever pure and just,
And tho' He slay me, I will trust.

MRS. ADALINE CLEMENT.

Died November 12, 1892.

Just when the afternoon had settled down,
And all life's busy morning work was done;
When the brown hair was lightly touched by snow
A message came, and she was called to go—
To go and leave life's sheaf of ripened grain,
Bound by her hands in years of joy and pain;
Ripe grain and autumn flowers, with foliage rare,
Bound in one bundle, by her patient care.

So leaving all she loved, and all who loved,
Out from their sight forevermore she moved,
And one bright home grew dark and desolate
Where those who mourn can only sit and wait—
Wait to behold again their staunchest friend—
Wait till this life, if long or short, shall end,—
Wait till the Master calls them to her side
Where sorrow ends, and every tear is dried.

DEACON NEWTON LEWIS.

“Dust unto dust!” The book is written through;
And we—what have we now, save the review?
Throw wide the covers, let us look within;
Are there dark passages of shame and sin?
Scan the well finished volume—read each page
From artless youth up to his ripened age;
I see no wrong, no page which might not be
Held to the light and read by you or me.

Once 'twas my lot to sojourn 'neath his roof,
Sharing his counsel, praise and mild reproof;
Kneeling with him and his pure-hearted wife,
I learned new lessons from the Book of Life;
And now, when earth is dark and heaven seems dim,
There comes a ray of light with thoughts of him;
The memory of his trembling voice in prayer,
Beseeching God to keep me in His care.

With strength renewed, I think how bless'd the earth
That holds such mortals, who have honest worth—
Such silver headed saints, who, day by day,
Walk prayerfully, in God's appointed way.
I bless his memory, I revere his life,
And mourn with her, the kind and faithful wife;
And pray that God sustain her in her loss,
And comfort her in shadow of the cross.

TO THE MOURNING FRIENDS OF C. D. BURRINGTON.

As I think of him to-day,
O, how beautiful, I say,
Thus to pass from earth away.

Beautiful it is to fall,
And be covered by the pall,
Loved and honored, mourned by all.

While the mourners, sadly meek,
With no blush upon the cheek,
May his dear name proudly speak.

O, bereft ones, do not weep.
Thus the Shepherd of the sheep
"Giveth his beloved sleep."

Tears are due when tempest tossed,
Sinks a wreck upon the coast;
Tears and groans, for all is lost.

But weep not, when from the sight,
Sails a vessel toward the light
With its ensign high and bright.

A TRYST.

He waits for me—I hear the dripping oar—
He waits for me, upon the nearer shore;
I see the glimmer of his snowy sail,
That beats against the evening's rising gale.
O leave me not! My feet are cold and weary
And life, for me, has grown too long—too dreary—
O, I would cross to that mysterious shore,
Where pain and sorrow shall come never more.
My heart beats feebly—and I long for home—
Good-bye, sad world! O, boatman pale, I come!
Be patient, Charon; I will not be long—
I'm coming—coming—chanting my death song.

WE CAN NOT UNDERSTAND.

Lines suggested by the death of Mrs. Eliza Sandon Cramer.

All things are just which cometh from Thy hand
And yet, O God, we can not understand,
How, in thy will and wisdom it is best
To call the young and happy into rest;
To summon hence the loved and loving wife,
And bid her leave to this world's bitter strife
Her precious little ones—too young, too fair—
To be bereft of tender mother-care.

There are, we know, upon the earth today,
Aged and aching hearts that ceaseless pray
To fold the weary hands upon the breast—
To close the tear-dimmed eyes in endless rest:—
Bereft of kindred ties, they long to be
Where their heart's treasures are, O Lord, with thee;
But they are left, while heart-bound ties are rent,
And from the earth, the young and happy sent.

If stricken hearts, bowed down beneath thy rod,
Should question Thee, forgive them, gracious God;
For mortals can not know, and understand
The mysteries and workings of thy hand;
But like a rainbow, arching o'er their grief,
Give them the comfort of this grand belief
That, in the Father's mansions, pure and sweet,
In glad reunion they again will meet.

TO THE PARENTS OF LITTLE DAN.

I was thinking yesterday, with a smile upon my face,
Of your winsome little Dan, and his ways of baby grace.
Thinking, how he, trusting, leaned both his elbows on my knee
Looking gravely in my face, while he quaintly questioned me.

Thinking how the little lad entered into every plan
Of the future of your lives, till he should become a man;
Thinking if the Lord should say "I have need of this bright boy,"
How your hearts would inly bleed, rifled of their dearest joy.

And I wondered if you could have the fortitude to say
"God is good—He doeth well—tho' He takes our loved away."
And today the word has come, that the restless feet are still,
That the prattling lips are dumb, by the Master's holy will.

And I pray that He may bring to your wounded hearts a balm,
Give you faith to see His love—keep your spirits strong and
calm.

All the paths of life are rough, some with burning coals seem
paved,
But He gives the loved ones sleep, and from sorrow they are
saved.

Yesterday, I thought with smiles, of your darling's cunning grace,
And today the same sweet thoughts cause the tears to flood my
face.

So, again, a change may come, when we learn why God so
planned,

All our grief will turn to joy, when we fully understand.

MOURN NOT.

(In memory of Mrs. P——, an aged mother.)

Mourn not for her, whose weary hands, at rest,
Are calmly crossed upon her quiet breast;
Mourn not that her kind eyes are closed in sleep,
That never more she'll wake to sadly weep;
For life at best is filled with anxious care,
And all who live must heavy burdens bear.

Mourn not, that you must miss, thro' coming years,
Her words of comfort in your griefs and tears;
For, when the loved one, bowed with age and care,
Has'dropped the burden she no more could bear,
Friends should rejoice and say, "God knoweth best—
He hath relieved her—He hath given rest."

Her loving deeds will in your mem'ries live,
And unto you will inspiration give;
And tho' you linger here a weary while
She waits in Heaven to greet you with a smile—
Waits in that home, where all life's troubles cease,
Where aching hearts have endless rest and peace.

OUR NEIGHBOR.

James Baxter, who died January 7, 1902.

Again has death a home invaded,
And stricken down a faithful head;
And gentle wife, and loving children
Are mourning for their dear one, dead.
Out from the stately home he'd builded,
Beneath the trees his hands had set,
They bore him solemnly and slowly,
While many eyes with tears were wet.

For him life held so many blessings
'Twas hard to say, "God's will be done"—
To leave grandchildren's sweet caressings;
Leave all that industry had won;
Leave loved ones who were vainly trying
To shield him from Death's mighty hand;
Leave all his kindred, and his neighbors,
And go alone to distant land.

'Twas much to leave, but over yonder
A mansion stands divinely fair,
Where spacious rooms await the faithful,
Which Christ did graciously prepare;
And there are palms and streets of beauty
Where one may walk, nor weary grow;
And no more sickness, death, nor partings,
Shall those, who reach that kingdom, know.

And there will be most joyful meetings,
With those who had gone on before;
Music and rest, and scenes of grandeur;
And Christ's own presence evermore.
Could any wish him here to linger
Till weariness of life had come—
Till age had wrought its fearful ruin,
Making his love and senses numb?

The master called: Could any utter
 "O, God, my will, not Thine, be done—
Leave him to share our care and troubles?"
 Ah no! there's no such selfish one.
Those whom he loved will curb their sorrow,
 Remembering all his tender care;
Rejoicing that he rests while waiting
 To greet them in that mansion fair.

TO MY BROTHER.

What can I say, O brother, in your grief?
The kindest words can bring you no relief.
For God, himself, has taken from your life
Your jeweled crown—your faithful, noble wife.
The tendrils of her love, through all the past,
Grew round my heart and held me gently fast.
And I, who loved her with a sister's care,
Wonder how you, your greater loss can bear.

May God, who tempers all the winds that blow,
In pity shield, as He alone can do,
And to the stricken hearts, a shelter prove,
Who lack a mother's counsel and her love.
And may they walk as purely as she trod
All paths of duty till called home to God,
Where I am sure she waits and yearns to see
Those, whom on earth, she loved so tenderly.

A REQUIEM.

(For Mrs. Lucinda Buell.)

Hush, mourning hearts, hush every sound of woe!
Cease, cease, O, tears—let no more sad tears flow!
When ends a useful, blessed life, like hers,
It is not just to give a meed of tears.
For she, the death-chilled one, whose head lies low
Under the frozen-clods and drifting snow,
Had she held the power, in her own kind hand,
Would have swept all sorrow out of the land;
And cheerful smiles would have lit each face,
And hearts would have beamed with Christ-like grace.

For never a breast held a kinder heart,
And never a life better did its part
Than she, who has entered the pearly gate,
Where, sweetly expectant, she'll watch and wait
For the loved ones that still this side must stay
Till their souls are summoned to quit the clay—
At most 'twill be only a little while—
So tell of her deeds with a tender smile,
Her deeds of charity, goodness and love,
As written they are, in the book above;
That others may follow the path she trod,
Winning approval from man and God.

IN MEMORY OF MRS. TRYPHENA BURRINGTON.

Pause a moment, busy world,
Pause, and drop with me your tears;
One has fallen by my side—
One I've loved for many years.
Tho' her name was never set
High in annals of great fame,
Yet our cheeks for her are wet
As we speak her humble name.

Yet she was indeed a queen
In the blessed realm of home;
All her subjects worshipped her,
Never longed abroad to roam.
Hers, the ever cheerful heart,—
Hers, the always busy hand,
Making sunshine in the lives
Of home's happy little band.

Heap her grave with choicest flowers,
Speak her praises soft and low;
Had the earth more lives like hers
All our paths would brighter grow.
Are there any words more grand
Can be said of any life:—
She was e'er a loyal friend,
Faithful mother, daughter, wife?

CALLED HOME.

(Mrs. Louise M. Haggerty.)

The summons came; she, smiling, entered in—
No need to pause outside and drop a sin;
So grandly good her life was ev'ry day,
When called she'd naught to do but to obey.

How like her own kind self it was to go
And leave us all without the added woe
Of carrying in our hearts the memory
Of a fierce struggle and death's victory.

The loving Father, knowing her fond heart,
How it would grieve her with loved ones to part
If she beheld their tears, their sobs, their woe,
Let her depart just as she fain would go.

We will remember her as days go past
Just as we saw her when we met her last,
Gracious and gentle, speaking words of cheer,
With smile for smile, and always tear for tear.

She saw a beauty in all holy things
And knew an angel ere it gained its wings.
She never longed so much for heaven above
That she forgot earth's duties and home love.

She came to me one week before she died,
When I was sick and sad and sorely tried,
And gently soothed my body and my mind
And going, left one loving wish behind.

A wish that seemed not more a wish than prayer,
So softly uttered while she smoothed my hair;
The last words that I ever heard her speak
Were spoken then with kisses on my cheek.

Those last three words will be the amulet
Worn in my breast till we again have met;
That sweet "God bless you," may it ever be
Balm to my heart in all my misery.

God has blest her, my friend of many years,
In taking her where there are no more tears;
Yet I shall miss, in all the days to come,
The voice that said "God bless you" in my home.

TO MRS. H. N.

(A doubly bereaved mother.)

Mother of angels! O, what blessed fate!
To know that evermore two loved ones wait
To welcome you inside the pearly gate.

What if you miss the little heads, at rest,
In childhood's days, upon your loving breast—
Is not the Shepherd's care for them the best?

Your angels! Yours they are forevermore,
Altho' they come not back thro' death's closed door—
They still are yours when all life's dreams are o'er.

The living children may not with us stay,—
Forming new ties, afar from us they stray;
No longer ours, when we are old and gray.

But those the Saviour calls ere blot or stain
Mars their perfection, evermore remain
Our own—bound to us by a golden chain.

TO ONE IN HEAVEN.

Can you hear me—can you see me
From that Land beyond my sight?
Do you know when sorrow folds me
In her mantle dark as night?
Do you see me, anguish driven,
Faltering in life's dreary race?
If you do, then how can Heaven
Be to you a perfect place?

Did you bear the memory with you,
Of that happy, royal day,
When the hand was pledged forever,
That in mine confiding lay?
What availed our truthful plighting
If 'tis all forgotten there?
Can you sing in bliss, unheeding,
While I droop in grief and care?

If you never know the pathway
That is taken by my feet,
Is there not some lack, or longing,
Is your happiness complete?
Can your intercourse with angels
Make your love and faith grow less?
Does Heaven's splendor, O, my loved one,
Bring to you forgetfulness?

Ah, I have your answer, darling,
Now I know how it must be;
Unto you 'tis surely given
To be near, and comfort me.
'Tis your unseen presence cheers me,
When despair broods in my brain;
'Tis your spirit lips that whisper,
"Trust in God—we'll meet again."

LEAVE THY LITTLE ONES.

(Mrs. Edith Hunt Whiting, died July 5, 1898.)

“Leave thy little ones, and come,” thus the Master softly said,
“I, the Lord, will lift them up, and they shall be comforted;
Leave thy sisters and thy brothers, and all friends with hearts
like gold;
Leave thy faithful, loved companion; and thy parents, growing old.
Leave all these, while youth sits lightly, on thy heart and on thy
brow;
Ere thy soul hath grown world-weary, Heaven hath need of thee.
Come now!”
O, how sad, how dread a summons, to a heart that’s true and kind,
While the clinging arms of children ’round the mother’s neck are
twined.

They will miss the mother’s kisses, miss the smile of lips and eyes,
Not another heart so faithful will they find beneath the skies.
O, bereft ones, ever follow in the pathway that she trod;
Loving Earth and loving Heaven—ever placing trust in God.
When the Father calls his daughter, when He bids a loved one
“Come!”
Should we say, O, Father, leave her; darken not our earthly home?
Nay, His ways are ways of wisdom—let us say—thro’ falling
tears—
All is well—she’ll watch to greet us, tho’ we linger months or
years.

CLAUDIUS ELLIS.

(Entered into rest June 19, 1904, aged 82 years.)

Rest, rest, O weary hands and throbbing brain;
Rest, tired feet, that walked so long in pain;
Rest, aching heart, from all thy care and grief—
This quiet sleep, for thee, is blest relief.

Thy soul set free, has left its worn-out frame,
And found its heavenly home, from whence it came;
Vexation, sickness, tears, are unknown there;
Thy face shall wear no more its look of care.

Thy daughter, idolized—who went before—
Has greeted thee with joy on that blest shore;
And thy fond mother, lost in boyhood's day,
Must surely know her son, tho' old and gray.

We, whom thou'st left, will miss thy words of cheer,
Thy sympathy and love, thy counsel here;
But in our hearts thy memory we'll keep
Ever awake, tho' thou hast fallen asleep.

THE LIGHT OF HOME IS QUENCHED.

You used to think when the morning dawned
And the sky turned blue and bright,
'Twas the sun that made the earth so fair,
'Twas the sun that gave the light.

And you thought when night was holding sway
And roads grew strangely white,
While dew to diamonds seemed to turn
'Twas the moon that made the light.

And when you entered your pleasant home
After toil of day was done,
The mellow glow of the evening lamp
Was better than moon or sun.

But now you know neither sun, nor moon,
Nor lamp was light of your life;
For darkness spread over all the earth
When the pall fell over your wife.

Your wife, the patient, the beautiful soul,
Who lighted the path you trod,
Has placed a star in the sky of Heaven
To light you home to God.

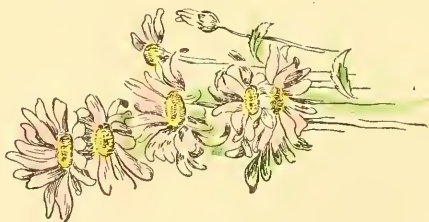
IN MEMORY OF MY SISTER

Who died April 26, in Poland, N. Y.

'Tis Springtime now, on Poland hills,
Wild flowers light up the sheltered places;
Who loves them, knows their haunts and ways
And where to seek their dainty faces.
The pale dicentra's bells are hung,
Marshes with marigolds are gleaming;
In all the by-ways of the woods
The sweet hepaticas are teeming.

The partridge berry wreaths are spread,
Blue violets rival skies above them;
But O, do not the wild flowers miss
The gentle one who used to love them?
The calm blue eyes that fondly looked
On orchard blooms and lowly mosses,
Are closed in sleep, no more to weep
O'er broken hopes, or earthly losses.

Her soul, like earth's awakened flowers,
Has sprung above the clods of sorrow,
And, blooming in the heavenly bowers,
We'll find her on some brighter morrow;
Until that day, each pale spring flower,
Wherever I may find it blowing,
A symbol of her saintly face
Will be, to me, forever showing.









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